

# CANADIAN ART

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1961 \$1.50

ISSUE NO. 75

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MICHIGAN

10 1961

FINE ARTS  
LIBRARY

**THE ARTS IN SOCIETY** *"The only really permanent way to turn society into a mob is to debase the arts: to turn literature into slanted news, painting into billboard advertising, music into caterwauling transistor sets, and architecture into mean streets."* Northrop Frye, *The Academy Without Walls*. See page 296

*"Look at the fields in which there are no tastemakers at work and see how well the creator and the public work without their help. Look at current television, post-war auto design and low-cost domestic architecture. These disasters suggest to me that the role of tastemaker is not without honour."* Robert Fulford on Russell Lynes. See page 301

*"We scholars and artists have still to convince the mass citizenry that our freedom is essential for the good of society. In fact we are going to have to prove over and over again that we are worth subsidizing."* Frank H. Underhill on Northrop Frye. See page 299

*"Are we not guilty of creating our own form of genteel appreciation, and by doing so of keeping the artists at loggerheads with the public? Aren't we guilty of saying art is 'nice' when art is not nice at all?"* Russell Lynes, *Art and the Affluent Society*. See page 301

*at the*

## CANADIAN CONFERENCE OF THE ARTS

*as seen by* Anthony Adamson, John Adaskin, Stewart Bates, John Beckwith, Claude Bissell, Eric Brown, Alex Colville, Charles Comfort, Jane Drew, Arnold Edinborough, Jean-Charles Falardeau, Allan R. Fleming, Northrop Frye, Robert Fulford, Herman Geiger-Torel, Harold Greer, John C. Haskins, Sir Julian Huxley, Alan Jarvis, Elizabeth Kilbourn, William Kilbourn,

Irving Layton, René Levesque, Russell Lynes, Sheila Mackenzie, Nora McCullough, J. B. McGeachy, Isamu Noguchi, Ivon Owen, John C. Parkin, James Reaney, Mordecai Richler, E. N. Roulston, Richard Simmins, Hazen Sise, Michael Snow, Henry Strub, Jacques de Tonnancour, Phillip Torno, Harold Town, Robert Weaver, Milton Wilson, Frank H. Underhill, Sam Zacks

*Uncombed critics \* Over toilet trained Professors \* Unbelievably Romantic Sculptors \* Haughty Alumnae \* Poetic Leathercraft Personnel \* Guild of Creative Business Thinkers & Watercolourists \* Egg Pitt, Alberta, Arts Council \* J.L.G.W.U. Foundation \* Yukon Quicker Reading Clubs \* North Bay Nuggelt \* Toronto Telegram \* Orangerie Banner \* Boys Own Paper \* Saturday Night \* Sunday morn'g*

*"The conference was a little like sitting on a wet toilet seat. It was uncomfortable but you had to be there at the time. I still don't know what it was all about, but it was better than having a cold."*

HAROLD TOWN



**The big idea in Herman Miller furniture is in this beautiful, useful skeleton.**



Brilliant, sculptured aluminum upholstered in NAUGAHYDE® by Herman Miller Inc., Zeeland, Mich., USA  
 Licensed Canadian Distributor & Manufacturer, Canadian Office & School Furniture Ltd., Preston, Ontario

**COSF**

VOL. X

ABOUT  
 THE

If once  
 opinion  
 Arts,  
 simple  
 word  
 will a  
 We h  
 versy  
 that o  
 peopl  
 simult  
 Kilbo  
 which  
 who h  
 given  
 permi  
 We a  
 answe  
 views

Contr  
 Elizab  
 Lawre

Corres  
 Desm  
 Claud  
 Abrah

Assiste  
 Sandr

## ABOUT THIS ISSUE ON THE CONFERENCE

If one were searching for a common basis of opinion about the Canadian Conference of the Arts, one would possibly have to settle for the simple fact that it was lively. And lively is a word we should like to think that our readers will also apply to this issue of the magazine. We have tried to capture the spirit of controversy which the conference sparked and also that of the spontaneity which results from many people animatedly expressing diverse views simultaneously. We are indebted to William Kilbourn who helped us organize the material which follows. We are also grateful to those who have kindly allowed us to use speeches given at the conference and to others who have permitted us to quote from articles about it. We are particularly indebted to those who answered our questionnaire and permitted their views to appear here. *Editor*

## Contents

### THE SCENE

Elizabeth Kilbourn, 287

Robert Fulford, 290

### THE PRESS

### ENTR'ACTE

Milton Wilson, on Poetry Readings, 295

### THE MATTER

Northrop Frye, on The Academy Without Walls, 296

Frank H. Underhill, on That Academy Without Walls, 299

Russell Lynes, on Art and the Affluent Society, 301

John C. Parkin, Hazen Sise, Anthony Adamson, J.-C. Falardeau,

Stewart Bates, Russell Lynes, Jane Drew, on the Arts in Society, 306

Harold Town, Alex Colville, Jacques de Tonnancour, Isamu

Noguchi, Alan Jarvis, on the Visual Arts, 309

Héritage de France, by *Evan H. Turner*, 312

Robert Pilot, with *Lawrence Sabbath*, 316

Coast to Coast in Art, 318

Art Forum, 329

Canadian Fine Crafts, 331

EDITOR: ALAN JARVIS

MANAGING EDITOR: PAUL ARTHUR

### Contributing Editors:

Elizabeth Kilbourn, Hamilton

Lawrence Sabbath, Montreal

### Correspondents:

Desmond Pacey, Fredericton

Claude Picher, Quebec City

Abraham Rogatnick, Vancouver

### Assistant Editor:

Sandra Gwyn

*Canadian Art* is published six times a year in January, March, May, July, September and November, by the Society for Art Publications, Ottawa, and is printed by Rolph-Clark-Stone Ltd, Toronto. *Subscription rates:* Canada, \$7.50 a year for six issues; U.S.A. and abroad, \$10.00 a year for six issues. *Single copies:* Canada, \$1.50 a copy, U.S.A. and abroad, \$2.00 a copy. Cheques should be made payable at par in Ottawa. Address all correspondence to 77 Maclaren St, Ottawa 4. Unless otherwise requested, new subscriptions will begin with the issue current at the time of order. *Back issues:* Information concerning price and availability supplied upon application. *Editorial contributors:* Those wishing to submit articles are requested to write first to the editor. The society is not responsible for the return of unsolicited material unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Articles published in the magazine do not necessarily reflect the views of the society. *Change of address:* Please send former address when filing a change of address; one month's notice is required to effect change. *Authorized as second class mail*, the Post Office Department, Ottawa. *Advertising Rates:* available upon application. *Publication address:* 77 Maclaren St, Ottawa 4. All articles are listed in the ART INDEX, New York, and the CANADIAN INDEX of the Canadian Library Association, Ottawa. *Copyright:* The Society for Art Publications, Ottawa.

PROGRAM

# The Canadian Conference of the Arts

O'KEEFE CENTRE, TORONTO / 4-6 MAY 1961

## THURSDAY 4 MAY 1961

- 3.00 p.m. PLENARY SESSION Opening Remarks: Arthur Gelber, President/Introduction Special Speaker: Alan Jarvis, National Director/Special Speaker: Claude Bissell/Two Canadian Points of View: Jean-Charles Falardeau and Northrop Frye
- 6.00 RECEPTION
- 6.30 BUFFET SUPPER
- 8.30 OFFICIAL OPENING of the Canada Council Exhibition by Dr A. W. Trueman
- 9.00 POETRY READING Poets: Irving Layton, Jay Macpherson, Gilles Henault, Earle Birney, Anne Hébert and Leonard Cohen

## FRIDAY 5 MAY 1961

- 12.30 p.m. LUNCHEON Special Speaker: Robert Whitehead
- 2.30 COMMISSIONS
- VISUAL ARTS Theme: *The Artist in a National Community*/Chairman: Alan Jarvis/Panel: Harold Town, Jacques de Tonnancour, Alex Colville and Isamu Noguchi
- LITERARY ARTS Theme: *Are There National Boundaries?*/Chairman: Arnold Edinborough/Panel: Mordecai Richler, Hugh MacLennan, George Lamming and Alan Pryce-Jones
- DRAMATIC ARTS Theme: *New Audiences*/Chairman: Mavor Moore/Panel: John Hirsch, H. Geiger-Torel, Ludmilla Chiriaeff, Florence James and Robert Whitehead
- MUSIC Theme: *The Composer and the Public*/Chairman: Louis Applebaum/Panel: Alastair Paterson, Barbara Pentland, Ken Winters and Walter Homburger
- ARTS IN SOCIETY Theme: *An Assessment*/Chairman: J. C. Parkin/Panel: Russell Lynes, Jean-Charles Falardeau, Victor Gruen, Stewart Bates and Jane Drew
- 6.00 RECEPTION
- 7.00 DINNER Special Speaker: Russell Lynes
- 9.00 CBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA A Program of Canadian Works conducted by Geoffrey Waddington/*Opening Night Overture*: Turner/*Divertimento for Bassoon*: Weinzwieg (World Première)/*Lyric*: Somers/*Symphony No 4*: Pentland/*Altitudes*: Champagne

## SATURDAY 6 MAY 1961

- 12.30 p.m. LUNCHEON Special Speaker: Very Reverend Father Georges-Henri Levesque
- 2.30 COMMISSIONS
- VISUAL ARTS Theme: *The Arts in a World Community*/Chairman: Alan Jarvis/Panel: Allan R. Fleming, B.C. Binning, Evan H. Turner, Isamu Noguchi and Guy Roberge
- LITERARY ARTS Theme: *Are There National Boundaries?*/Chairman: Arnold Edinborough/Panel: Morley Callaghan, Amita Malik, Yves Thériault and Alan Pryce-Jones
- DRAMATIC ARTS Theme: *New Stages*/Chairman: Andrew Allan/Panel: Gratien Gélinas, Paul Almond, Celia Franca and Guy Beaulne
- MUSIC Theme: *The Composer and the Performer*/Chairman: John Adaskin/Panel: Robert Whitney, Udo Kasemets, Dirk Keetbaas, Pierre Souvairan and Jean Papineau-Couture
- ARTS IN SOCIETY Theme: *A Prospect*/Chairman: J. C. Parkin/Panel: Russell Lynes, Jacques Simard, Walter Gordon, Robin Bush and Jane Drew
- 6.00 DINNER
- 8.30 A MEETING OF MINDS Special Speaker: Sir Julian Huxley with Hon. René Levesque and William Kilbourn



# THE SCENE

JOHN C. HASKINS

*The conference became a public examination of conscience, particularly North American in concept, and is worth repeating every few years. As a visitor to Canada and a student of Canadian affairs, I found it an absorbing experience, a sort of Massey Report in miniature adapted for the stage.*

ALAN JARVIS

*'IF THE ROOF FALLS IN DURING THE NEXT THREE DAYS,' ALAN JARVIS TOLD THE O'KEEFE CENTRE MANAGEMENT; 'YOU'LL BLOW THE BRAINS OUT OF CANADA.'*

MORDECAI RICHLER IN THE TORONTO STAR WEEKLY

*If the conference was meant to be a charming spring outing, then it was a success, though rather expensive. If it was meant to be of any concrete help to art and artists then it was a failure.*

HAROLD TOWN

*It pains me to admit it; still I must. The only suggestion of real consequence to painters made at the conference was mine. Let's have a great International Biennial in Canada, where we can be seen against the best of the world with our best.*

E. N. ROULSTON

*My first thought is the stimulation I received by mingling and talking with persons from other parts of Canada who are interested in the same things as I am. This may be possible for those in centres like Toronto and Montreal, but for those who live in small places such a conference is invaluable. I found very encouraging the physical look of the delegates - ordinarily dressed persons (with a few exceptions) calmly discussing matters they felt important.*

J. B. McGeachy in the Financial Post

*For myself, I don't hold with the view, expressed with engaging candour by Mordecai Richler, that mixing up artists and members of the great public for conversational purposes is a waste of time.*

*When assorted Greeks sitting on stone floors in ancient Athens spent the evening drinking wine and debating poetry, politics or their souls, with Socrates as moderator, wasn't this on the whole useful and pleasant? At least the results were memorable. And is there any reason why the same thing can't be managed now with the adventitious aid of broadloom, air conditioning, comfortable chairs, and Lobster Newburg?*

The climax of the Canadian Conference on the Arts came approximately fifty minutes after the conference began. After an impeccably politic keynote address by Claude Bissell and an encyclopaedic dissertation by Jean-Charles Falardeau, Northrop Frye rose to the lectern and spoke with that olympian splendour which marks him as Canada's finest social philosopher and critic. It was an address to rank with his two other great speeches, at the Convocation of Carleton University in 1957 and at his installation as Principal of Victoria College in 1959.

His discussion of the arts as the means of giving the imagination its proper central place in society was majestic in conception. But it was punctuated with such a stingingly accurate analysis of the foibles of artist, scholar and culture booster (whether Canada Council tycoon or Women's Committee enthusiast), that everything which happened at the Canadian Conference on the Arts in the next two and a half days seemed like gloss and commentary on his remarks, like *tableaux vivants* illustrative of his text.

The cast of characters which the master critic evoked sprang immediately into life: the poet, self-styled scourge of the hide-bound academes, flaunting his leonine virility but roaring withal for more and more Canada Council grants; the unbelievably romantic sculptor with flowing locks and curling beard pestering the Conference Director for his railroad fare, the bleary-eyed novelist of the Great Disenchantment sourly locking horns with the noble Old Master of Montreal prose; the czarina of the art collectors, dangling in the murky waters of Canadian painting the double bait of her honied beauty and her bitter gold; the wealthy young businessman, vice-president of every committee on art, music and museums in the country, happily harassed by the details of the biggest show of them all; the thin pale *entrepreneur* of avant-garde writing grimly shepherding his little group of poets past the armies of the Philistines; the top purveyor of Official Art in Canada lacking only a baronetcy to give the final elegance to his silver goatee and the rotundities of his clichés; the Canada Council official, bland custodian of the *status quo*, smiling delightedly as the

unshaven artist snarls at him in contempt; the leading vestal virgin of culture complete with flowered hat and Junior League enthusiasms carrying on her flirtation with the arts; the scruffy journalist busily scratching creative surfaces for column fodder.

There they were, at one time, in one place - the prototypes of the Canadian Cultural Scene, and for three days the O'Keefe Centre became its microcosmos. Surprisingly enough, the Centre played its role in this drama with remarkable grace. It will never be anything but a miserable compromise architecturally, fit only as a supermarket of the arts, but this May it displayed its goods very well. On its immense stage, the speakers at the plenary sessions seated before a handsome curved wooden baffle, looked for all the world like an Anne Kahane sculpture come to life.

Standing part way down the grand curving staircase, Albert Trueman opening the art exhibit could have been an Edwardian prime minister in a Hollywood version of the Life of Sir Edward Elgar. His audience below in the main foyer lounged romantically about Gerald Gladstone's large welded sculpture, *Female Embryo Universe*, while others peeked through the immense wooden lace of Armand de Vaillancourt's *Panneau en bois*. Whispered conversations took place behind screens bearing experimental abstracts or experimental crucifixions.

Later (in the east wing), draped on stairs, perched on sills, squatting on the floor, an overflow battalion of intent listeners heard five poets read their works. Fur stoles jostled with turtleneck sweaters as this astonishing audience vied in their postures of rapt abandon.

In the downstairs foyer beneath an array of paintings by Shadbolt, Snow, Swinton, Rivard, the delegates consumed immense quantities of cole slaw, cold ham and pink wine while being lectured to by a Dominican sociologist, an American magazine editor and a Canadian producer made good on Broadway.

Every afternoon beneath the stairway on the west side, the conference took on the atmosphere of a convention (after all, the Guernsey Farmers, Good Roads Societies, steel salesmen, even academics

## The Canadian Conference of the Arts was a BIG FLOP

*The writer's real business is to write, but on occasion he's tempted from his typewriter by the promise of free food and drink and a chance to speak out in public. These occasions, handsomely mounted, are usually called arts conferences, and if you'd like to start one yourself all that's needed is money and a committee and a theme. There are innumerable such conferences held throughout the year and some poets and painters have been known to make rather a good thing out of working the circuit. One of the better things about Canada was that until recently we did not go in for this type of activity.*

### JOHN ADASKIN

The conference was not a seminar for professionals but a public review of the arts in Canada. As such I felt it was eminently successful. Never before has there been such a parade of distinguished Canadians available, articulate and social, under one roof.

### HENRY STRUB

**The great idea that came out was the suggestion that Canada celebrate her 100th Anniversary by building a city. Confederation City would be so much better in every way than an exhibition and could serve as experience for the coming inescapable reorganization and revitalization of all our cities.**

have them, why not the arts?). Around the bar (a banquet licence was mercifully obtained by some of Canada's most effective and indefatigable culture boosters), artists met gallery directors, writers met critics, fans met heroes, lions basked in admiring glances or watched furtively to see how much they were shocking the bourgeois, contacts were made, situations assessed, old fights exacerbated or dispelled. Two Toronto artists who formerly referred to each other in blunt four letter words were seen at the conference discussing welding techniques.

In the dressing rooms backstage, official typewriters clicked purposefully and in the star's dressing room where a week before Sir Laurence Olivier transformed himself into Henry Plantagenet, city planners drank Canada Council gin.

Nobody expected the formal discussion to throw much light or even heat, on the major problems which face art in the twentieth century. The problems of electronic music, non-figurative art, or epic theatre and the alienation of the artist and society are intrinsic to our present civilization and scarcely solved in an afternoon. A few bewildered souls wandered around muttering that 'no one came to any conclusions' in the panels and the odd commentator from the press squeaked about beards wagging over dusty clichés. But most of the Conference attendees seemed content to enjoy the panels as a sort of five-ring circus and to get their stimulation, intellectual or otherwise, elsewhere.

Of the panel on Arts in Society which concerned itself with town planning in all its manifold ramifications, this was not true. Chaired by the John Wesley of Canadian architecture, fresh back from a Canadian club circuit ride, this panel took on all the excitement and missionary zeal of a religious revival meeting. Men and women intimately involved in the actual building of great cities, rose to give impassioned testimonials of guilt and salvation. Passages were quoted from the scriptures of city planning - Le Corbusier, Pericles, Lewis Mumford, Deutero-Isaiah. Jane Drew, the tempestuous colleague of Le Corbusier himself, moved to tears those who heard her describe

### RICHARD SIMMINS

*Emphasized or not, one of the main purposes of the conference was to unearth a number of ubiquitous norms which could be identified as peculiarly nationalistic. The tone was kept determinately light, professionally sophisticated. Now, altogether please: Discussing art in Canada can be fun!*

To observe all my 'tastemaker' friends milling around the viand tables after Russell Lynes' clever exposé of what they all stood for, discussing with enthusiasm how frightfully amusing and artificial the whole concept of aesthetic activity really was, made me slightly ill. But it was amusing, entertaining: smooth, popular journalism. A well-known American, now director of one of Canada's major museums, said: 'Canadians certainly appreciate wit. Wasn't his reception tremendous?' Perhaps he was right. Certainly Northrop Frye's speech, incisive, witty, with that histrionic certainty directed to a perceptive audience, was effective, and undoubtedly popular. No undue moralizing. Poor Layton, finger pointing pontifically, began to take things just a bit too seriously. He tried to say, like Coleridge, 'How much pleasure they lose

with womanly passion and realism the lineaments of her ideal City of Man, the new Jerusalem of the twentieth century.

On the final evening, the two thousand initiates into this faith were warmed up by some patter and a five minute sermon from the preacher-comedian from McMaster University and a call to lobbying for the arts from the left wing television star who turned politician and slew the Duplessistes. Sir Julian Huxley's Jeremiad against the ugliness of our physical environment in general and Toronto in particular, came as a resounding trumpet call to arms. Next day, through the offices of the daily press, the battle was indeed joined.

Over and over throughout the Conference, like a nagging toothache, rose the question of the relation of the artist and society. Must the arts communicate? And if so, to whom? Russell Lynes ended his seductive and amusing sophistications with a plea for the artist to brush aside the hangers-on of culture, the 'culturettes' who use art as a class divider transforming culture into cult. Some artists do long to appeal directly to the average honest democratic Joe, complete with his suburban box, his tv westerns and his many-finned Detroit car. But the search for Rousseau's noble savage has not been very successful. In any society where civilized art has flourished, as Northrop Frye pointed out, culture has always been a cult. In Canada today, it is in this interested, attentive minority, this imperfect crowd of uncombed critics, overtoilet-trained professors, Haverghalumnae, sporty theatre buffs, status-seeking collectors, arts council reps from Egg Pitt, Alta, and St Louis du Ha! Ha!, P.Q., the whole untidy, well-meaning lot, that the artist must find his audience. Beyond himself and his fellows, this is the only audience he has. It is with them and through them that the artist is forced to work if he is not to be a complete solipsist, and if he is ultimately to reach or change society.

And here at the O'Keefe Centre, May 1961, this motley array of Canadians generated in some odd, dim and lovely way, a little of that miraculous energy which transforms a group of people into a community.

(From the *Canadian Forum*)

ELIZABETH KILBOURN



who take away the liberty of the poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of a historian.' The brilliant academic authority on poetry and Canada's most important poet should have had an opportunity to square off.

The Visual Arts panels were on the whole singularly ill-assorted—rather like chalk and cheese. Pauvre Noguchi! When the other panel members rambled slowly and lovingly around their own backyards in Toronto, Sackville, and St Lambert, he fell silent. How could he talk of his commissions in the United States, Europe and Asia, without being considered rude? Being a Canadian artist is something to be proud of, he was politely sure. He was merely an artist.

In conclusion I feel that the conference was a worth-while project, but like so many ventures of our era, lacked planning in depth and orientation. It fulfilled its function in bringing together Canada's finest creative minds. But was that all they could produce?

#### ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH IN SATURDAY NIGHT

The wonder is that so many worthwhile artists did come. Mordecai Richler told four hundred people that no real writer would have anything to say to them; they were the wrong audience. Serious discussion could only take place between artists, he thought, and there were too many elegant hats and clothes in the audience for there to be many serious artists inside them.

*James Rooney*

*I can remember asking Colville (drunken haze on my part) why there was no red in his painting. Why isn't there, by the way? Also met Harold Town. Wants to collaborate on a ballet.*

#### ALLAN R. FLEMING

I regret that none of the audience was on the platform talking to artists rather than being forced to sit and listen. The floor microphones intimidated all but the most hardy exhibitionists and we on the panel ended up knowing all about our own problems but nothing about the people for whom we work. If there is a future conference of the arts, perhaps we could hear more from society and less from the artists.

#### STEWART BATES

The particular sessions I attended were on the art of city forms. Judging from the interest and questions from the floor there is obvious need for a forum of that kind. It should be repeated.

#### CHARLES COMFORT

The program was stimulating and encouraging, if not always conclusive in its results. The commissions, particularly those on the Visual Arts, revealed colourful individual opinions, but resolved little.

#### ALEX COLVILLE

I thought the Canadian Conference of the Arts was good and useful, although I am usually skeptical of such things. To me the best part, the most heartening and encouraging, was to discover how much intelligent concern there is over architecture, town planning, etcetera. This is the most serious cultural problem that we have by far, and I thank God that so many individuals, and groups like the Community Planning Association of Canada are doing something about it. I suggest that a conference be held in the future, largely for people in the visual arts (all others would be welcome) with the principal figure Lewis Mumford. Town planners, architects, designers, painters, sculptors, etcetera, might all meet with the aim of working toward some sort of coordinated harmonic goal, of establishing once again the kind of unity in the visual arts which has not existed since the eighteenth century, or perhaps since the middle ages.

#### ROBERT WEAVER

This is hindsight, of course, and so have been the other public criticisms made since the conference ended. No one spoke up loud and clear in the planning session, partly because long before May the conference had somehow achieved an impetus of its own that, I suspect, left even its most fervent organizers somewhat dazed and helpless. And on the other hand, scarcely any writers or painters or musicians or theatre directors refused to attend. The conference was a painful evidence that there are no real intellectual and ideological differences in the arts in this country, and that the arts would be healthier if there were. (Sad to watch Mordecai Richler and Hugh MacLennan unable to manage any real disagreement.) The conference took on that fatal air of patronage and condescension that must hang over Park Avenue committees in aid of Negro sharecroppers. It had no real aim except to try to discover an aim for itself.

#### HAROLD TOWN

*A delightful disaster.*

There were no old ladies in cut velvet tottering about on the ends of rococo canes, no one wore a monocle, hardly anyone smelt of mothballs, not one retired minister could be found looking for government supported nude paintings, the only decorations worn were beards and ban the bomb buttons (both quite futile as signs of manhood or peace). The drinks were weak to the point of exhaustion; really it wasn't half as dashing as an O.S.A. opening.

I was offered a stolen welding set; watched a young poet so filled with conceit that he had no room for the smoke from his cigar and consequently choked on it; was nearly killed by a lovable progressive conservationist, as I sat in the death seat of his automobile while he played fender hockey with a carload of furious hot-rodders; suffered a physical attack from an emotional art critic. My three hangovers blended into one; I still don't know what the conference was about, but it was better than having a cold.

What the conference lacked was a buffo finish: we should have burnt some particularly loathsome politician at a stake comprised of unsold pictures, unread books and unheard symphonies.

#### JOHN BECKWITH

*During a total of five hours of talk the assembled beards and beehives heard only a few isolated comments of sense. There was no tension. Antagonisms whose reality is daily felt in the music world, far from being explored, were said not to exist.*

*It was cold comfort when, leaving the O'Keefe Centre, I met a friend, a teacher who said he'd overheard Arnold Edinborough, chairman of the literary panel session, telling someone not to go to it because it would surely be too boring. My informant agreed it had been.*

#### ERIC BROWN

*I enjoyed the informal atmosphere and the mere fact that for a brief period of time one mixed with people who had similar feelings about the things which could make for a fuller and more enjoyable existence.*

Sheila MacKenzie

*Like wild beasts made to perform in a circus, with the impresario intent on the audience being amused at any cost - including free peanuts to throw. A grand show, but one I wouldn't like to see repeated too often, for fear of taming the beasts.*

#### ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH IN SATURDAY NIGHT

**Professor Kilbourn of McMaster waded in and called the public a bunch of yahoos. [His audience applauded wildly; perhaps if they had all known what smelly animals yahoos are in Swift, they would have been less enthusiastic.] He urged us all to lobby like mad, to throw bombs and to turn the ignoramus out of the seats of the mighty.**

#### HAROLD TOWN

*A vast funeral, at which all who attended solemnly buried their intentions not to attend. The corpse was housed on an O'Keefe bier, and the dirge was comprised of the fulsome sonorities of long speeches, interspersed with the staccato gulping of short drinks.*

#### HERMAN GEIGER-TOREL

*The point has been made very clear: culture and commerce cannot live without each*

*other, and it is a wonderful thing that the conference has been made possible at all in order to prove that point.*

#### SAM ZACKS

*It brought together from all parts of Canada the devoted leaders and friends of the arts in Canada, established an art community, and indicated that our constituency was an imposing one. What impressed me most was the good attendance, the lively interest and the earnest upsurge so evident.*

#### RUSSELL LYNES

*As I was leaving the 'commission' on the Arts in Society, I walked through the wide room in which the bar was set up and which was milling with people. I overheard a woman say 'one of these is all I can take.' I thought she meant one conference was all she could take and my heart lifted in sympathy. This one was pleasant, but one was plenty. When I turned and saw her with a highball glass in one hand and realized that she meant one drink and not one conference, I felt sorry for her.*

A couple of days before the conference got underway, *The Toronto Telegram* said in an editorial that 'audiences will share a brilliant feast of wit, reason and argument, in itself an impressive cultural achievement.' It must be admitted that the *Telegram* was too optimistic. The three-day gathering at the O'Keefe Centre was interesting in many ways, but it was neither impressive nor brilliant, and it certainly was not a feast.

The conference was born sometime last year when the organization which is called the Canadian Conference of the Arts decided that it should do something with itself. The organization is made up of about forty members associations - groups like the National Ballet Guild and the Canadian Handicraft Guild. Together they decided to call a conference which would be of a generally artistic nature and which would be open to the public. As it fell in place, the conference was a mixture of art exhibit, concert, poetry reading, panel discussions and speeches.

During the poetry sessions, as on other occasions during the conference, we were able to watch a most curious cultural encounter. A large part of the audience consisted of people who were there vaguely in the name of culture - the sort of people who were brought up to believe that poetry was a casual grace of life, not a burst from a shotgun. As they listened to Leonard Cohen's abrasive sexual verse they seemed, many of them, to be steeling themselves. I thought they all took it rather well.

It became plain, however, as the conference ground on through Thursday, Friday and Saturday, that conferences work better in some arts than in others. Mostly the creative artist found the talk at the O'Keefe Centre rather boring. But the people working in the applied arts discovered that it had something fairly useful to offer them.

Thus it became commonplace for artists to announce publicly or privately, that they couldn't see much sense in the whole business.

The West Indian novelist, George Lamming, told a panel discussion audience that neither he nor anyone else had any idea why they were there. And another visiting artist said, after a particularly difficult panel session the same day: 'Take me out of here. I can't stand any more of it.'

But architects, town planners and industrial designers managed to work up great interest and even passion. This meant of course that for the audience these were the most stimulating speakers.

Twice during the week-end I found myself moved by speeches. The first was Jane Drew's opening talk at the Saturday panel on the Arts in Society. This distinguished British architect and collaborator of Le Corbusier set forth her view of the cities of the future in such warm Utopian terms that town planning took on all the vitality of poetry. She envisioned new cities as places of quiet beauty, arranged to allow gardens, public music, public art, and above all, a high degree of personal freedom. I can't say whether I was more moved by the bravery or the hopelessness of her vision.

The second time was during William Kilbourn's speech at the final session Saturday night. An historian with a deep interest in town planning he made his talk into a kind of battle cry. He asked for a new education of the senses: he asked in effect, that his audience grasp a vision beyond the cool sophistication of the realists. Again there was a kind of hopelessness about it, masked by some very good jokes. (He could easily make a living as a sort of academic Mort Sahl.)

The conference was not particularly solemn, and often it was not serious. But underlying it there was a feeling - particularly among those connected with town planning, architecture, design, etcetera - that the job they were asking themselves to do was enormously important and dreadfully difficult. With this went an unarticulated sense of guilt over the fact that their work - of public education, primarily - had not been done very well in the past. ROBERT FULFORD



at the  
all in

f Ca-  
ds of  
com-  
onsti-  
t im-  
lance,  
surge

n' on  
rough  
as set  
people.  
these  
meant  
take  
This  
lenty.  
with a  
alized  
ot one

ussion  
y were  
ifficult  
nd any

aged to  
se that

eeches.  
on the  
porator  
in such  
ality of  
ranged  
igh de-  
ved by

a at the  
erest in  
le asked  
udience  
. Again  
ry good  
rt Sahl.)  
was not  
among  
cetera -  
usly im-  
iculated  
on, pri-  
FORD

6  
Du  
ga  
ver  
at  
con  
spi  
an  
inc  
thi  
ma

17  
Be  
fer  
run  
fro  
me  
wa  
wic  
ou  
on  
the  
we  
ing  
acc  
T  
sou  
ary  
tre  
Ly  
no  
con  
ter  
tur  
for  
be  
app  
rea

R  
Ca  
No  
voi  
the  
lik  
Ca  
tov  
to  
a b  
far  
of  
thi  
nen  
lan  
ton  
red  
to  
ant  
is  
ace  
bea  
its  
tur  
env

# The Press

## Guelph Guardian

Dull and lively, respectable and avant garde, banal and stimulating, it was very like a marathon panel discussion, at times nearly as pompous and time-consuming as 'Fighting Words.' But in spite of these strictures, it was in fact, an impressive conference, and another indication that Canadians are taking things of the mind more seriously than many imagine.

## North Bay Daily Nugget

Besides the cultural aspect of the conference, it was a terrific fashion show, running the gamut of the latest styles from New York and Paris for the women, as well as the men, to a few unwashed, unkept, unpresed Greenwich Village arty types who had turned out odd bits of sculpture or paintings on display. We had the impression that one was not recognized unless wearing an untrimmed beard or speaking with anything but a Canadian accent.

The majority of works in art and sculpture and music was contemporary and some was modern in the extreme (sic). The 'tastemakers,' as Mr Lynes referred to those attending, will no doubt return to their respective communities inspired to promote better art, drama, music, poetry, sculpture and launch anti-ugly campaigns for civic improvement. And there will be those who will now more than ever appreciate the finer things without really understanding them.

## Russell Lynes in Harper's

Canada's cities suffer the common North American blight. There, as here, voices are raised in protest. But I had the feeling that such voices are more likely to be heard there than here. Canadians have already built model towns and discovered that it is possible to combine idiosyncrasy of taste with a basically sound community plan. It far from satisfies the architect's dream of 'total architecture' (and a good thing too) but it gives heart to planners. Toronto had recaptured an island in Lake Ontario from honky-tonk, torn down the shacks that scarred its shores, forbidden automobiles to drive on it and turned it into a pleasant place for Torontonians to walk. It is only a gesture, perhaps, a small solace for a city that might have faced a beautiful lake and preferred to turn its back on it long ago, but it is a gesture that many American cities can envy.

## The Hamilton Spectator

The need for a more mature attitude in the preservation and development of Canada's natural heritage was one of the chief justifications for calling the Conference of the Arts.

There are in this country a number of people, and we hope a growing number, who dream of the day when they may read in a Canadian periodical an advertisement such as we reproduce below. It appeared in a recent issue of the English journal, 'The Countryman.' Paid for by the Central Electricity Generating Board, it concerns the erection of pylons, the English term for what are known hereabouts as hydro high tension towers.

'Down in the valley, the town needs more power,' reads the ad. 'That means pylons across the fields. There are perhaps a hundred paths they could follow. One must be chosen. Not plotted arbitrarily across a map. But thoughtfully, carefully sited to follow the dark background of a wood here, skirt a village there, cross sky-lines in the most inconspicuous way to be found. The Central Electricity Generating Board are just as concerned about this as about bringing in the power. For a nation has charged them with a double duty; not only to maintain an efficient, economical supply, but also to provide country amenities as they go.'

That is culture.

## Halifax Chronicle-Herald

The Canadian Conference of the Arts leaves a disturbing question to plague us. Is it really true that Canadians are as insensitive toward things aesthetic as they are made out to be? Or is it not more likely that, as a nation, we are actually hostile to beauty, possessed of a secret fondness for what is drab and offensive to the sight? H. L. Mencken diagnosed 'a libido for the ugly' as an affliction of his people. Maybe the ailment worked its way north of the border.

## Orangeville Banner

Professor Kilbourn deplored the fact that Canadian doctors were using modern methods that were beyond the comprehension of the layman; he regretted that Canadian physicians were meeting and exchanging ideas with advanced physicians in other lands, particularly Europe.

In conclusion he stated: 'I don't know much about medicine but I know what I like.'

## The Canadian Tribune

The pictures in the halls and the music played at the concert showed the same isolation of the artist. Irresponsibility, detachment, isolation from his fellows - if this is what our artists want they will gradually reach their vanishing point, and a new generation of energetic men and women will take their place whose art will be part of the whole life around them, and no one will bother to discuss national boundaries because everyone will be concerned with the life he knows best, and with the people of his own town or country.

## Windsor Star

Alan Jarvis, the director of the conference and its guiding spirit, deserves full marks. He chose his speakers well. But like all such gatherings, the real importance was in the opportunity to meet and talk to other artists and interested laymen from across the country. Much more is accomplished over tea cups - or what you will - than in any meeting hall.

## Regina Leader-Post

The arts will only survive sickly and frail unless the yahoos and the philistines are somehow drawn in to them.

## Montreal Star

Bring back the conference next year, and the next - the bright virtues overshadow the defects. (Lawrence Sab-bath)

## Toronto Daily Star

Since the conference opened with a crack (by Northrop Frye) at the by-now famous 'Cult or Culture?' series, William Kilbourn ended it with a remark in the same direction. He said he expected to pick up the paper and find a series attacking Canadian medicine on the grounds that it had succumbed to international influence and gone modern.

My own theory is that since arts are rather nebulous and hard to pin down in actual words, the press representatives were annoyed that they could not be given actual papers which they could misquote. E.N. ROULSTON



# Oh Canada

## IVON OWEN

It's the Canadian way, of course; we evaded decisions in government by royal commissions; we evade the practice of the arts by conferences at which we glorify our achievements while seeking to explain our lack of them, wondering uneasily whether we exist at all. To move this oldest-established permanent floating Chautauqua to Toronto's snazzy new temple of Dionysus did not change the ritual; a solemn celebration of Miss Crochet's muse with prolonged fanfares on the horns of the Canadian dilemma. The lavish setting made it more wildly funny than ever but left us feeling just as empty and just as exasperated.

## ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH IN SATURDAY NIGHT

Maybe the organizing committee thought they were getting his brother Aldous.

In any case, Sir Julian's performance was typical of the English visitor who, secure in his knowledge of the architectural beauties of St Paul's, Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and equally secure in his ignorance of the Canadian scene, blats rudely on about the desperate and ugly monotony of Toronto's suburbs.

## EVAN H. TURNER

While self-consciousness is usually a vice, self-appraisal of this sort can be very useful.

## LAWRENCE SABBATH

Only Russell Lynes seemed to know what the score was as an outsider and even his allusive charm was no match for the superb wit of Northrop Frye. Indeed every time a non-Canadian spoke he reminded us that the Canadian participants provided all the excitement needed.

## SHEILA MACKENZIE

Listening to the panel was rather like hearing your voice played back on a tape recorder - embarrassing and enlightening. This is our life. A lot of the screech was painful to hear against the eloquent simplicity - and even more eloquent silence - of Mr Noguchi, the calm outsider. He knew who he was.

All Canadian conferences are a ritual search for national identity, a short cut for history, a shot in the ego, never mind what they're supposed to be about. The sneering, sophisticated critics are just as much a part of it as the self-conscious earnestness they deplore, but they are the boring part.

## RUSSELL LYNES

I have never been apologized to so much in so few days or for so little reason. It was like Texas without the twang - nationally proud but culturally full of misgivings, eager to be part of the world but afraid that the home-grown product was more to be cherished than esteemed.



## ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH IN SATURDAY NIGHT

### Tastemakers' Toronto Tea Party

It is about time that we gave up flaunting our cultural poverty in public. For one thing it costs too much. The last bout at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre is said to have squandered \$75,000. After the organizing and staff costs, much of this went to airlines who busily ferried into Toronto not only artists from clear across the Dominion, but also from New York, Los Angeles, New Delhi and London. Only a little, a very little, was spent on food.

## J. B. McGEACHY IN THE FINANCIAL POST

A word about finance. The conference sponsors got two Canada Council grants totalling \$13,000; nearly \$8,000 from the box office; \$5,000 from the Ontario government which could have been more generous; \$7,500 from Metro Toronto; \$7,000 in gifts from individuals, corporations and foundations; and a gift of all printing, valued at around \$15,000, from Cooper & Beatty, TDF and the graphic arts industry generally. So the affair may just about break even without passing the hat again.

Arthur Gelber and Phillip Torno deserve much of the credit for the spade-work. They should do it again...

Why can't you buy culture? There's nothing more shocking about the notion of buying culture than about the notion of buying a book or a piano or a Van Gogh. Let's not be coy about it.

## SHIRLEY SKLOV

From a public relations point of view, the Canadian Conference of the Arts was, in my opinion, a success. The first sounding of Canada's cultural horn... It 'sensitized' individuals, writers, and broadcasters the world over to watch for further developments of the arts in Canada. The Canadian Conference of the Arts got people thinking 'arts-wise.'

The exploratory 'feel' will no doubt disappear with subsequent conferences.

## ROBERT WEAVER

The Canadian Conference of the Arts might have raised \$75,000.00 to sponsor some of the writers and artists the Canada Council has to turn down each year; or to help establish experimental theatres; or to subsidize 'The Canadian Forum' for a decade; or to help begin a monthly magazine of all the arts. In future, it might campaign annually to raise the additional money the Canada Council needs to do its job adequately. In any case, no more conferences. For what the conference at the O'Keefe Centre demonstrated is that good will is not enough.

One of the organizers told a friend of mine: 'The conference was a great success. Every meal was oversubscribed!'

## ALAN JARVIS

If the Council were to do no more than hand out railway tickets to our artists and writers and composers so that they could, on occasion, meet one another, its existence would be justified.

## INTERIM TREASURER'S REPORT, AUGUST, 1981

The Conference cost approximately \$60,000, of which \$48,000 came from cash donations and admission fees, and \$12,000 from gifts of services, such as printing, art work and help from the musicians' union.



## SIR JULIAN HUXLEY

### OTTAWA JOURNAL

Sir Julian Huxley is not the first visitor to say that he found Toronto a depressing place; nor will he be the last. But his criticism of Toronto was too much a criticism of almost every other major city in Canada for even a professional Toronto-baiter to enjoy the moment.

'I flew into the city over the suburbs, a dreary waste of ugly identical houses placed out on the earth without any imagination. There is no real centre of life in the city and I wondered what kind of ideas this sort of planning reflected.'

The dismaying thing about these observations is that Toronto knows they are true. And Ottawa, for all the plans, master or otherwise, also knows that it is building without enough sensitivity to place. It did not really take anyone of Sir Julian's eminence to point out the abominations committed in progress' name.

Last summer a committee from the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada issued a report which said pretty much the same things Sir Julian did and a great deal more. It was an admirable report. Nearly everyone approved; nearly everyone said something must be done. But the cities crawl on, deforming and maiming the land. What ugliness is tolerated in order to own a home!

### PETERBOROUGH EXAMINER

It is not difficult to see what Sir Julian means; rather than being outraged at Toronto, he is more probably outraged at the universal propensity of man to be insensitive to his own surroundings. This moreover impinges on the other matters mentioned by Sir Julian at the Conference of the Arts. Somehow we have got to get modern art back into contact with the public, he said. Surely it is a matter of getting the public into contact with art - this in fact has always been the problem. The artist must express himself as things strike him. If they do so forcibly and chaotically, he cannot help himself but to record them so. To bring himself into touch with the public would be to equate his mind and talent



"THAT'S THE TROUBLE, IT LOOKS LIKE ME!"

THE TORONTO DAILY STAR

with those which are average in the community; if he is a true artist this would clearly be a denial of himself and his abilities. No, the public, not the artist must do some leg-work in making contact.

## SIR JULIAN HUXLEY ON TORONTO

You lost one of your great opportunities here in Toronto when you didn't align the city with the lake on the magnificent waterfront, as Chicago, for instance, has done.

A medieval city was set in a meaningful scene of fields, woods and hills. It dominated the landscape and yet was a part of it. Here in Canada you don't feel that in a community. I haven't yet at any rate got a feeling that there is any relation with nature. It seemed to me that in Toronto all the most elaborate and expensive architecture was devoted to banks and there was as far as I could discover no real centre for life as you get in the piazza of an Italian Renaissance city. I wondered what ideas these facts reflected. I suppose they reflect the ideas of an essentially capitalist individualist antisocialist acquisitive society.

If the city is a vehicle, an organ for ensuring greater fulfillment and less frustration to its inhabitants, then there must be a realization of its possibilities through education, through giving people more sense of being rooted in something worthwhile and something enduring.

We must get away from the results of this passion for size. Everywhere you go in the United States everybody is boasting of how much their city has grown in the last five years. Well they ought to be ashamed of it very often; they ought to have made provision for stopping it growing so fast.

You can't stop the growth of population yet-let's hope we can eventually - but you can at any rate prevent the city becoming a biological and human

impossibility, as we have just started to do in England, by building satellite towns, new towns with greenbelts between them and the city and then also a wild belt, a wilderness belt, outside them.

Let us have citizens' groups who are pushing for the right of every one not merely to decent housing and clean water supply and efficient sewerage, but the right of them all to live and grow up in emotionally and aesthetically satisfying environment instead of a depressing and stultifying one.

Above all we need to remind ourselves of what Jane Drew said yesterday about a visual arts training for everyone.

'I was very impressed recently at a New England College,' she said, 'to find that the visual arts training course is a thing that every boy there has to go through. I talked to the students about it and they are wildly enthusiastic. These boys are going to be future bankers, heads of companies and all the rest of the things that control our life. I think the paralysis of our senses and the accent on intellectualization without making the senses grow correspondingly is very wrong.'

## HAROLD GREER, IN THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Hon. René Levesque, Quebec Resources Minister, told the conference that if the delegates were really interested in obtaining lasting results from the conference they should not hesitate to organize themselves into a coherent pressure group and even find the doors to the smoke-filled rooms of parliamentary democracy. Politicians had a healthy respect for public opinion, once they felt they knew where it stood and what it was asking for.

But artists could use some education in civics as much as the public could use some education in art. They

don't know what the parliamentary system is and how it works. Government was important to art because it has the money to support it. But artists and the promoters of art had the responsibility of asking for it.

Legislation should be enacted requiring that a certain percentage of the cost of public buildings must be devoted to art. The Quebec government has passed an order-in-council requiring that one and a half per cent of the cost of such buildings be put into works of art.

## EDITORIAL

One purpose of the conference was to act as a showcase (the exhibits and the concert), and as a public forum, for the arts that the Canada Council helps support.

Another purpose was to make it possible for artists to meet colleagues in their own fields - painters, for example, who knew each other only by reputation met for the first time at the conference.

And then there was the fact that many Canadian artists and critics had never heard or read Northrop Frye, nor had they any idea that their academic audience might possibly include such brilliant and provocative and profoundly sympathetic persons.

Finally, members of the public, besides being able to meet artists, were given a formal opportunity to discuss and criticize the music and painting and drama that they often go to hear and see but so rarely meet to assess.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The Conference was, I thought, a monumental event which only you could have organized and animated the way it was. If many good ideas were exchanged with great profit, the contact between people still represents the essential achievement.

JACQUES DE TONNANCOUR

## JOIN THE COMMUNITY PLANNING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

*It seems to me that the most undersung body in Canada is the CPAC. Through that organization I think we have a vehicle to arouse a great concentration of public opinion on all levels of government. We hear of other associations which concern physical health, but the question of environmental health is strictly in the hands of this important lay organization.*

JOHN C. PARKIN

Membership \$4.00 a year from Community Planning Association of Canada, 425 Gloucester Street, Ottawa. Membership includes a subscription to the illustrated magazine *Community Planning Review*

ntary  
vern-  
use it  
. But  
t had

d re-  
age of  
ist be  
vern-  
uncil  
cent  
e put

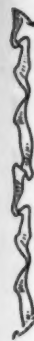
was to  
and  
rum,  
uncil

pos-  
es in  
earn-  
rep-  
t the

that  
s had  
Frye,  
aca-  
y in-  
ative  
sons.  
, be-  
were  
uous  
ting  
hear  
ss.

non-  
ould  
way  
e ex-  
tact  
ees-

OUR



N

At  
Co  
nu  
im  
hu  
rat  
me  
ob  
be  
lic  
do  
tha  
Bi  
va  
by  
tin  
sm  
to  
po  
kin  
Irv  
ph  
So  
off  
ha  
ow  
'It'  
kn



# ENTR' ACTE

*Artists, Musicians, Poles,  
Actors, Phoney's, Etc.  
The Canadian Conference  
on  
The Canadian Conference  
on the Arts  
will be held at  
Maison Dore basement  
38 Asquith, Monday Night  
May 8, from about nine  
Music, Drinking, Speeches,  
Jokes, Prizes, Dancing,  
Falling Down,  
Group Therapy, Stripppers,  
Growing Up, Sex  
admission 50¢*

## ROBERT WEAVER

The poets were all, I think (even Mr Layton), as astonished and terrified as I was to find several hundred people waiting for the reading. I've heard most of them read better on other occasions, but I've rarely seen a more attentive audience. There was a lesson in the poetry reading: it was one of those rare occasions during the conference when the artist spoke to his public directly as an artist.

## HAROLD TOWN

Mr Layton stalked the corridors in emperor style, watchful as a cat for glimmers of recognition from the supernumeraries. As yet I haven't had the nerve to tell him that a lady in a flowered hat asked me diffidently if he was Morley Callaghan. I was kind to her though, and told her that the man in the open-toed brogues, playing softly on a welded sculpture with hand-carved teak wood chopsticks, was Mr Callaghan, fresh from Europe and a Canada Council grant to study the possibilities of musical sculpture.

## POETRY READINGS

No cultural display seems complete these days without a panel of poets reading their own works. In the past year or so I've witnessed three such: one at a Humanities Association meeting at Kingston; one at the Canadian Authors Association convention in Toronto, and this one at the Conference of the Arts – not to mention two special panels on TV and numerous small-scale productions by special groups. I suppose it's important to be forced to realize that poems are put together by a human being. Someone actually chose to make them what they are, rather than something else. It is also good for people to listen to modern poetry without being given time to find out whether it's obscure or not. Still, if more people decide to read Canadian poetry because Canadian poets have taken to performing their works in public, I shall be much surprised. A shot of PR for the poet and a mild dose of pain-killer for the audience leaves the poetry no further ahead than before – sometimes a bit behind. At the O'Keefe Centre, Earle Birney's poetry sounded much heavier with epithets than it reads, the variety of Irving Layton's voice was reduced to steady roar of volume by the microphone, and Jay Macpherson's austere reading of her intimately impersonal cycle *The Ark* cried out for a smaller room and a smaller audience. Only Leonard Cohen made the best of what he had to offer. He supplemented his own work by reading (in English) a poem of Anne Hébert's. I wonder whether this isn't the most promising kind of poetry reading, now that we seem to be stuck with the genre. Irving Layton reading his own selection from A. M. Klein, Jay Macpherson reading P. K. Page, George Johnston reading Raymond Souster – these might be worth hearing. What the O'Keefe Centre offered its audience was just the shock of recognition, and that needn't happen twice. If anything else can be said for poets performing their own scripts, T. S. Eliot said it before a New York reading in 1958: 'It's always interesting to hear an author read his own poem if you know it already and can compare his interpretation of it with your

own.' But Eliot did offer a consoling comment for those who heard poems they hadn't previously read and even added a touch of optimism for the purveyors of books: 'I can't understand a poem until I've read it myself. All that I get from hearing a new poem is – I may say to myself, "this sounds interesting, I would like to read it."'

MILTON WILSON

## CELEBRATION

When you kneel below me  
and in both your hands  
hold my manhood like a sceptre,

When you wrap your tongue  
about the amber jewel  
and urge my blessing,

I understand those Roman girls  
who danced around a shaft of stone  
and kissed it till the stone was warm.

Kneel, love, a thousand feet below me,  
so far I can barely see your mouth and hands  
perform the ceremony,

Kneel till I topple to your back  
with a groan, like those gods on the roof  
that Samson pulled down.

LEONARD COHEN

*James Keeney*

*Thought it was really  
mad the way Cana-  
dian poets got to imi-  
tate Layton's Catullus-  
ses. Even Cohen's  
poem about fellatio  
didn't shock all that  
much.*

# THE MATTER

CLAUDE BISSELL

It has been suggested that the Canada Council, particularly in the field of the visual arts, has handed itself over to the avant-garde group. My concern is a somewhat different one, that we haven't been avant-garde enough.

CALGARY HERALD ★ IRVING LAYTON

**'Speeches at the opening plenary session of the Canadian Conference of the Arts were pompous and pretentious and worthy of a Russian cultural commissar,' poet Irving Layton said Thursday night.**

**'I don't agree with the line taken in those speeches today. I don't want scholarship confused with art. The scholars and critics should not assume that the poet exists so that they may anatomize his corpse. I don't want to hear poetry discussed in terms of scholarship, education or responsibility, but in terms of love, madness and ecstasy.'**

James Rooney

*One thing from Frye really clicked in a colossal way for me for the first time. At the beginning of the speech where he sketched in the Einstein world-picture — all points in space are interchangeable, everywhere is everywhere. I suddenly saw how that applies to poetry, art and music nowadays. The form we're all after is a form that puts the energy all over the space or the time we're framing our artistic effort with. No Venus in the centre anymore. Venus all over the bloody canvas.*

## ACADEMY WITHOUT WALLS

I suppose everyone here has been asked by someone, at some time or other, to explain contemporary art to him. I cannot explain contemporary art, but I can point out two of its characteristics without moving very far away. In the first place, this is a conference of contemporary arts. Artists have always formed cliques, schools, groups, and isms; they have formed societies and guilds; they have organized manifestoes, little magazines, co-operative housing and insurance schemes. But the conferring artist, the artist who goes to a conference of artists, is a product of this age alone. In the second place, I am the third university man in a row to address you this afternoon, which means, whatever else it may mean, that we are well into the twentieth century. At no other period of history would academics be so willing to talk to artists or artists be so willing to listen to academics. At no other period of history has the university's devotion to the liberal arts been so closely associated with the actual arts.

One obvious fact about the culture of our time is the enormously increased awareness of its past, and the variety and range of tolerance in its sense of tradition. The greenest student in a conservatory may learn more about pre-Mozartian music than Mozart himself ever knew; and even if, say, Watteau or Goya had known anything about Bushman painting or Haida masks, they could hardly have seen much connection between them and the traditions of art that they accepted. But the artist of today cannot think of himself as being pushed along at the end of a thin line of historical development through Greece, Rome and Western Europe. He is now a citizen of all time and space: Javanese puppet-plays, Chinese calligraphy, Benin bronzes, Peruvian textiles — anything that has ever been produced as art or is now realized to be art may take its place in his tradition. Immense erudition is needed to understand the variety of influences on contemporary artists, and the work of Picasso, of Stravinsky, of T. S. Eliot, might from one point of view be studied as a mass of quotations and allusions.

An artist may serve his apprenticeship in many ways: he may start

at the age of eleven in a master's studio grinding colours and laying in backgrounds; or he may attend slide lectures in a university scribbling indecipherable notes in the dark about Carolingian manuscripts in the Ottonian Renaissance. What he is doing in either case is learning about the conventions of his art. For no artist ever faces his world directly: he enters into the conventions provided by the art of his time. One does not learn to paint landscapes by studying landscapes, any more than one learns to compose fugues by listening to street noises. After a little study of Italian painting, one may learn to distinguish at a glance across a room what century a particular picture was painted in. This would be impossible if any artist really had the power to face nature directly, outside the prism of convention. The novelist may gather his material from the life around him, but his ability to make anything of it will depend on his knowledge of novel-writing, which begins in his knowledge of how other people have written novels. An artist's technical ability, in short, comes out of his craftsmanship, and his craftsmanship comes out of his scholarship.

Consequently, an increase in the sense of the variety of tradition, of the number of legitimate influences it is possible to have, becomes part of an increase in the technical resources of the arts. Art is, Aristotle tells us, an imitative activity, and what it imitates, according to the critics, is nature. Other authorities have assured us that art is also a creative activity, and that what it creates is an aspect of human society. But in the twentieth century 'nature' is no longer so firmly rooted a world of familiar physical objects, nor is 'society' a group of familiar personalities growing out of it. You heard that a conference was being held in Toronto and came here by plane or train or car: in other words your 'society' or environment is a co-ordinated series of points in space. Twentieth-century life does not radiate from a centre but rotates in an orbit, moving from point to point at will. Nature has become similarly abstract and conceptualized. The ease of moving around has become central in our imaginations, and our sense of ob-

jectivity is no longer identified with fixed objects. The objective world appears as a swirling mass of electrons even to those who do not know what an electron is; the view of the world from an airplane window, as an abstract pattern of crop and fallow fields or a geometrical network of city lights, is the world-view even of those who have never been in a plane. Vision is relative to the choice of a point of view: this has always been true, of course, but never before so obviously true. Consciousness itself is a chosen point of view; there is no reason why the world of dream and fantasy should not be an equally valid choice.

This vast expansion in the possibilities of form has given the artist unprecedented resources in technique. Representationalism in painting, diatonic harmony in music, strict metre and rhyme in poetry, are as legitimate techniques as they ever were, but each is now regarded as one among a great many possibilities. Like man in existentialist philosophy, art is in a state of unqualified freedom. To begin with, anything goes: difficulties may come later, but they come as consequences of a free choice. At times one feels that the artist is rather in the position of Adam in Paradise, who had so much freedom that all he could do was sin. And yet much of this sense of unlimited freedom is an illusion, or rather, it exists for the art as a whole, but not for the individual artist. The artist is in theory free to commit himself to any one of a dozen conventions, but all that he can choose is a convention. Tachism, abstraction, twelve-tone harmony, free verse: these are loose terms for groups of conventions each of which is as rigid as the conventions of plain chant, Russian ikons, or a beatnik's vocabulary.

Contemporary art is neither popular nor esoteric. It is academic and scholarly, newly possessed of tremendous technical resources and still experimenting with their use. It is therefore an integral part of the educational system of our time, which is why the artist and the scholar can be so naturally associated as they are in this conference. It has always been said that the artist's function was to delight and instruct, and in an age like ours his importance as an instructor cannot be ignored. There will always be artists for every variety of creative expression, but a large part of the creative energy of our time is bound to be directed toward the exploring of technique. It is natural that poetry should turn to myth and metaphor, painting to the abstract relations of pattern and colour, music to a neo-classical absorption in form. How long this academic phase of art will last I do not know, not having a clouded crystal ball handy, but other things being equal it should outlast the century. There will be reactions against it every year or so, eddies churning in the stream, and each will be hailed in turn as the beginning of something totally new. But, as Samuel Butler remarked in *Erewhon* a century ago: 'There is no way of making an aged art young again; it must work out its salvation anew, and in all fear and trembling.' I am not making a value-judgement on contemporary art: I am merely trying to characterize it. Being an academic myself, I feel that if art is academic there is nothing better for it to be, and that there is no reason why our age should be culturally inferior to any other.

When the ideals of modern democracy were formed, there was some hope that patronage in the arts would be replaced by popularity; that art would cease to be a status symbol for connoisseurs and would take a central functional place in society. It has done this to some extent, but in a way that has disappointed many. Some of you may recall a tedious and foolish harangue that covered an inordinate amount of a Toronto newspaper a few weeks ago under the title of *Cult or Culture*. There is, of course, no 'or' about it: culture has always been a cult, in the sense of being a group of specialized and exacting disciplines. It is natural that some people should resent this, just as it is natural that some people should resent the fact that years of hard work in education are necessary for the best life. It is natural that some

people should feel a strong urge to tell the artist that whatever he is doing he is doing it all wrong, and ought to 'return' to something they regard as more satisfactory. The trouble is that the artist does not have all that freedom of choice, once his initial choice (and even that may not be a choice) has been made. He can paint or write or compose only what takes shape in his mind: he cannot will to become a different kind of artist. It is possible in a totalitarian society, and it might be possible in this one, to lay down certain approved norms that all artists must conform to, and to ensure that no one who does not have the specific talents required will ever get to be an artist. But that would not make realists out of artists; it would merely mean that a very different and much less genuinely creative group of people were taking over the arts.

The contemporary artist is dependent neither on patronage nor on popularity, but on something in between. Because his work is increasingly regarded as an academic and scholarly activity, he depends on recognition by critics, reviewers, directors of museums and art galleries, members of the advisory boards of councils and wealthy foundations, university administrators who employ him as a summer teacher or resident artist – almost entirely a community of scholars. The artist may dislike this situation, or pretend to do so. He may dream of appealing to the general public over the heads of such scholars: he may attack them as unimaginative, culturally sterile, parasitic, prissy and hidebound: he may fall into clichés of nineteenth century romanticism about the creator's virility and the critic's lack of it. We find this in the work of the writer who produces, for middlebrow magazines, the kind of highly conventionalized essay about his view of the modern world that is designed to give the impression of a writer writing like a writer. Or the artist may have been brought up to think of the academic as the opposite of the creative, and be genuinely bewildered by a world in which they have become the same thing. Nevertheless, scholars are the public on whom the artist must make his first impression, and from his point of view he could hardly do better. Advisory committees and the like are as a rule liberal to a fault: they know how many mistakes have been made in the past, and are not anxious to repeat them; they do not require conventional morality or subservient behaviour; they expect the artist to take the odd nervous bite out of the hand that feeds him. There are exceptions, but they are far fewer than when Samuel Johnson could list the hazards of the mental life as: 'Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.' For many a modern artist, supported by benevolent foundations until he can be handed over to the women's committees of symphonies and art galleries, the course would be better described as: 'Prize, study, grant, the matron and the kale.'

The patronage of the arts by various semi-official bodies, and the employment of artists by universities, do not mean that the country is trying to buy itself a culture, or that foundations are seeking for more virtuous and better publicized ways of paying income tax. Such things mean that in the twentieth century the creative arts have become absorbed into the educational process. The artist is recognized as a teacher and educator, and society is exposed, however reluctantly, to the contemporary arts because they are a necessary part of education. The 'difficulty' of contemporary art is precisely the same as that of any other subject of education, which means that most of the difficulty, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. Algebra is neither difficult nor easy to the keen student, but to, say, the girl who has already decided on a life of bridge and Saturday shopping it is impenetrably obscure. She 'can't do' algebra because it has no place in her vision of life. Nevertheless the educational system mildly compels her at least to try a little algebra, because this is a democracy, and it is her right to be exposed to quadratic equations however little she wants them. The arts are much less like algebra than, for example, a



well-planned football game, but still they do demand some concentrating of attention. It is the right of people to be kept in contact with the contemporary arts because the public is partly paying for them, and the public ought to get what it ought to get. It is entirely impossible to know nothing of art and yet to know what one likes: what one likes is always a measure of what one knows. Those who deny that society is responsible for guiding and developing its own taste are people who cannot distinguish a democratic society from a mob.

The result is that there is now an unprecedented tolerance for experiment and originality of all kinds in the arts. It is difficult even to imagine what sort of pictures would go today into a *Salon des Refusés*. Gone are the days when radicalism in the arts could be regarded as a sign of atheism, communism, and moral turpitude. I remember passing behind two gentle old ladies in the Art Gallery of Toronto as they were contemplating some rather strident pictures by a young painter, and hearing one of them say: 'And when I knew him he was a nice clean boy.' But such comments are now rare. T. S. Eliot, with his Order of Merit and his odour of sanctity, must look back with some nostalgia to the days when *The Waste Land* was a new poem and he could be described as a 'drunken helot' and 'cultural Bolshevik.' On the contrary, even the Museum of Modern Art in New York is old hat now, and crowds line up before the elevators in the Guggenheim Museum waiting to be sucked down into the vortex of that preposterous building. As art becomes increasingly fashionable, anything new in art becomes a new fashion. To encourage it is ever so revolutionary, and yet completely safe. The Canada Council has no qualms about supporting the magazine *Canadian Art*, however radical the art may be that it illustrates. *The Canadian Forum* is a magazine that the Canada Council, according to its own statement, will not support, on the ground that it expresses opinions. Some things, apparently, can still be disturbing; but the arts, like the religions, seem to have become immunized.

Pseudo-tolerance has an insecure basis, and carries its own disadvantages. Hazlitt, a tough Romantic radical who was both painter and critic, once spoke of music as a thing without an opinion, and though I do not share the view of music implied, I can understand his attitude. In their younger days artists may form in groups issuing manifestoes and endeavoring to impress the public with the importance of their work by making defiant gestures at it. But as the artist grows more successful he becomes less fond of other artists and more fond of the people who buy his work and advance his reputation, and so tends to fall into the social attitudes prescribed for him by them. And academic art, like any other kind, has the defects of its virtues. For the arts reflect the world that produces them, and every-

thing the detractors of modern art say about it is true, except that what they are objecting to is not so much something in our art as something in our lives. Painting, music, and architecture, no less than literature, reflect an anonymous and cold-blooded society, a society without much respect for personality and without much tolerance for difference in opinion, a society full of slickness, smugness and spiritual inanity. But as long as the arts are thought of as educational they can teach as well as reflect. It would be an appalling disaster if the arts became merely decorative, identified with the qualities they do, to some extent, illustrate.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the end of education in the arts is simply to admire the works of art themselves. Education in the arts makes one more critical and detached, not more impressionable. Of course one does appreciate what one has learned to understand; but the arts have something to teach beyond themselves, a way of seeing and hearing that nothing else can give, a way of living in society in which the imagination takes its proper central place. Just as the sciences show us the physical world of nature, so the arts show us the human world that man is trying to build out of nature. And, without moralizing, the arts gradually lead us to separate the vision of the world we want to live in from the world that we hate and reject, the ideals of beauty from the horrors portrayed by art by when it is in the mood that we call ironic. All genuine art leads up to this separation, and that is why it is an educating force.

Our present society is not predestined to go onward and upward, whether with the arts or without them. We are trying to marshal all the resources of culture and intellect we have in order to struggle with the problems that our civilization has created. We have outside us nations with different political philosophies, and we think of them as dangers, or even as enemies. But our more dangerous enemies, so far, are within. I spoke a moment ago of the difference between a mob and a democratic society. Our effective enemies are not foreign propagandists, but the hucksters and hidden persuaders and segregators and censors and hysterical witch-hunters and all the rest of the black guard who can only live as parasites on a gullible and misinformed mob. Yet the only really permanent way to turn society into a mob is to debase the arts: to turn literature into slanted news, painting into billboard advertising, music into caterwauling transistor sets, architecture into mean streets. As an educator, the artist today has a revolutionary role to play of an importance of which no nineteenth-century Bohemian in a Paris garret ever dreamed. He has powerful friends as well as enemies, for in his commitment to his art he has the fundamental good will of society on his side.

NORTHROP FRYE





## THAT ACADEMY WITHOUT WALLS

I think I agree with practically everything that Norrie Frye said in his talk at the conference on the arts. Though, as often happens when I read him, I hadn't quite realized that these were my ideas until he had put them into my head. But I am too old and too insensitive to contemporary poetry and music and painting to be writing in *Canadian Art*.

It does strike me, however, that he is a little too complacent about this haven which the modern Canadian artist has found in the academy. We Canadians have shown little creative ability in any field during the past century of our national existence. In all aspects of our culture, at its best as well as at its worst, we have been mostly imitative and colonial. We are the sort of people who naturally drift into academies. It will be healthy if we produce more dissenters, individualists, outcasts, who reject the academic way of life. Some of our artists do reject it, I understand. Though, having belonged to the academy all my life, I wish that the poets among them could phrase their rejection without having recourse to so many four-letter words.

I question also the implication of the title, *Academy Without Walls*. The Frye thesis appears to be that the walls between the creative artist and the world of scholars, critics, scientists and teachers have disappeared. He doesn't seem to worry enough about the walls between this enlarged and enriched academy and the general unartistic and unintellectual public outside. It looks to me as if that outside public is becoming in our day anti-artistic and anti-intellectual.

And inside the university should one not ask how much real communion there is between the artist and all those departments which are not included in the humanities? What has the normal social scientist or natural scientist to do with the artist? Yet, it may be that the physicist and the mathematician develop an artistic imagination much more soaring as well as more disciplined than that exhibited by the so-called artist. Beyond the faculty of arts, what of all the professional schools that make up so large a part of our modern university world - medicine, law, theology, engineering, social work, agriculture, dentistry, forestry, commerce, education? (I had intended to grade these strictly according to their sensitivity to artistic expression, but the competitors for the last place on my list were so numerous and so well-matched that I gave up the attempt.)

The real problem, however, is posed by the great mass public outside of the academy. How do academics communicate with this public? The problem is illustrated vividly by the kind of reporting and commenting that our Canadian journalists did on the O'Keefe conference. I judge that most of the participants in the proceedings agreed that there was a great deal of confusion and futility about the whole business. At any rate, the newspapers succeeded brilliantly in conveying the impression that it was a gathering of long-hairs and bohemians indulging in their usual fantastic impracticalities.

Appropriately enough in Toronto, the *Globe and Mail* set the stage for the coming conference by those famous articles of Harold Greer

on *Cult or Culture*. They demonstrated statistically that the money which the Canadian taxpayer as patron has been spending on art education and exhibitions has resulted in painting that is not appreciated by the taxpayer as consumer of art. Mr Greer's standard of judgement was the taste of the mean sensual man. He did not give any very clear or specific idea of what he believes good art to be in contrast to the art of the critics, the gallery directors and the cultists. But one could sense that what he wants is the kind of 'capitalist realism' that in politics and economics characterizes so many of the editorials on the page opposite to that on which his articles appeared.

The liberals and reformers and revolutionaries of the early nineteenth century dreamt of a new society in which universal education and universal suffrage would culminate in the admission of the common man to the higher culture that had hitherto been the exclusive privilege of a small minority. Of course things haven't worked out that way at all. The common man, as he has emerged to play his part in society, has shown little taste for this higher culture. He doesn't want your Shakespeare or your Bach or your Newton. Twentieth century mass-democracy, conditioned as it now is by the commercialized mass-entertainment industries who exploit its lack of educated critical taste for their own profit, is unwilling to stretch its intellect or imagination beyond the narrow range of experience to which it has been accustomed. And flatterers are always at hand with the assurance that no standards of judgement or taste other than popular standards are necessary or desirable.

The other side of the picture of our contemporary Canadian mass-democracy is that our governments have more and more committed themselves to new communal responsibilities in the field of education, science and culture. These responsibilities are costing more and more money, and our democracy is being gradually educated into a genuine willingness to bear these costs. In the long run the movement for public ownership of railways, electric power, and other public utilities will perhaps not turn out to be so significant as the tremendous expansion of public responsibility for education from kindergarten to graduate school, for the setting up of institutions of scientific research, and for the fostering of the arts and humanities.

In 1916, under the pressure of war, came the first beginning of the National Research Council. We can now see that, without quite realizing the full meaning of what it was doing, the government in Ottawa was undertaking a new national responsibility, the support of general scientific research. As the N.R.C. has developed it has more and more frankly emphasized fundamental research, which may not produce any results measurable by politicians, as against applied research, which undoubtedly does produce measurable results. It would be hard to exaggerate the influence that the N.R.C. has had in the advance of science in our Canadian community, through its fellowships for the training of young research scientists, its grants to universities for research in their laboratories, its organization of cooperative re-

search projects, and the research that its own scientists do in its laboratories in Ottawa and elsewhere. In the course of years it has thrown off the Atomic Energy Control Board, the Defence Research Board, and, just recently, the Medical Research Council. In addition to the scientific work done or sponsored by the N.R.C., there has also been all the research carried on in government departments such as agriculture, geology, fisheries, forestry, and in provincial research councils.

How much more mature the sciences have been in Canada than the arts and humanities was shown by the fact that the Canada Council, set up to support the latter in somewhat the same way in which the N.R.C. supports science, did not arrive on the scene till the 1950s. I need not here discuss the work of the Canada Council except to remark that its experience has already shown that it needs much more money from government. The point to be emphasized is that its creation marked the assumption by the national government of another new national responsibility to be supported by the taxpayer.

This creeping socialism in the field of science and culture produced also, in the 1930s, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The national government was practically driven into public broadcasting in order to save this great new instrument of mass communications from being absorbed by the commercial broadcasting giants of the United States, and to save radio and television as educational services from being debased into profit-making businesses. The National Film Board is another example of the same process of development.

Our Canadian democracy, that is, has embarked upon a new experiment, the subsidization of scientific and cultural activity. This has been unavoidable if Canada is to be emancipated from colonial dependence upon more mature civilizations and saved from the commercial mass-communication industries of the United States.

We do not need to be told that scientists, scholars and artists can function only in an atmosphere of freedom. But the general public does need to be told. We – scientists, scholars and artists – have now a common interest in working out the practical conditions under which this freedom can be realized in a modern democracy. For we are now all being subsidized by the taxpayer to carry on activities which the taxpayer himself and his elected representatives in parliament are not very well qualified to understand. We – scientists, scholars and artists – need to try to understand each other much better than we do at present and to appreciate how vital are the interests that we now have in common. Equally, we need to work hard together in discovering more effective methods of public relations.

It is only too easy to arouse the philistine, anti-intellectual and anti-artistic proclivities that are always latent in the taxpayers and their elected representatives. Our parliament in Ottawa is only beginning to realize the extent of the obligations that it has undertaken in the support of scientific, scholarly and artistic activity. And it is also only beginning to realize the extent of the power that it possesses through its control of the purse. Power usually tends to corrupt. Sociologists in Canada have not as yet collected any statistics on this matter, but I should think it unquestionable that the percentage of yahoos in the present House of Commons is higher than it has been in any parliament since Confederation. And in the last few years they have been running wild. The C.B.C. has been their main victim. But when the freedom of any one of us – scientists, scholars or artists – is successfully attacked, the freedom of all of us is undermined. In our British cabinet system of government the theory is that the back-benchers in parliament are kept under effective control (through party discipline such as does not operate in the United States) by their leaders on the front bench; but when the leaders are themselves mostly philistines, the yahoos among the back-benchers have a field-day.

It is, however, largely useless for intellectuals to denounce the intellectual deficiencies of the people's representatives. Such denuncia-

tions only lead them to brood on the power they possess over us intellectuals. The real trouble is that we have failed to educate them. We are ourselves to blame for our difficulties. We, the members of this Academy Without Walls, are not yet a sufficiently articulated society within the mass-society of the Canadian people. We have not yet done enough thinking about the problem of how we are to approach this mass citizenry and make ourselves better understood. We have still some difficult experiments to try before we find the way to convince them that our freedom is essential not merely for our own enjoyment in O'Keefe Centre conferences and such activities but for the good of society at large. In fact, we are going to have to prove to them over and over again that we are worth subsidizing.

When one gets into a discussion of the relation between the subsidized scientists, scholars and artists on one side and the taxpayers and politicians who subsidize them on the other, one cannot avoid for long the question of political parties and party policies. Why is it that in Britain all the young writers who have been creating such a stir since the war with their plays and novels are on the left, mostly even to the left of the Labour party which they regard as part of the Establishment? And in the United States why is it that so many artists and professors were attracted to the New Deal in the thirties and are still voting Democrat in the sixties, while here in Canada our artists and intellectuals seem to be mostly non-political, and it is difficult to see much connection between what excites them and what party politicians put into their party platforms?

If, for example, you thought that one of the really big things that needs doing in our country today is an organized communal effort to produce cities fit for civilized beings to live in, and that such an effort must be led by the federal government, to which of our political parties would you make your appeal? I should judge that the Conservatives would show little interest because of their doubt that a program of this kind could attract any mass voting support. The New Party would eagerly welcome the general principles of urban planning and rehabilitation, but would show an invincible disinclination to equip itself with the technical knowledge without which general principles remain mostly mere rhetoric. The Liberals would quickly have a corps of experts who could discourse learnedly on all the technical and philosophical aspects of urbanism, but their responsible party leaders would show an invincible disinclination to collide with the vested interests which stand in the way of bringing about a new urban environment. The Liberals do have it to their credit that they organized an egghead conference at Kingston last September which devoted a few sessions to the quality of our civilization as distinct from the production and distribution of economic goods. (There were even two poets at this Liberal conference.)

In Canada it would, I presume, be impossible to produce a journal like the *New Statesman* in which not merely the political articles but also the literary and scientific ones, the reviews of books on history and philosophy, the reviews of plays, movies, radio and television programs, art exhibitions and musical concerts, even the week-end competitions, are all composed by and for people who are on the left, anti-Establishment, avant garde. And it would be equally impossible to produce a journal like the *Times Literary Supplement*, in which all the reviews, whether on politics, philosophy, literature, art or religion, are written by and for people who are on the right, members of the Establishment. This kind of political dialectic, which goes on week after week in the better British journals, seems to me to illustrate the functioning of the Academy Without Walls more satisfactorily than anything we have yet achieved in Canada. For here too many intellectuals and artists are non-political, and almost all politicians are non-intellectual and non-artistic.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

Nora McCullough

I disagree with Russell Lynes and strongly support the view that more effort is necessary. Action is needed in giving strong support to the CBC; regional libraries should be established; Canadian literary and visual arts journals in both languages should be supplied on the publicly-owned trains and planes; the arts should be really practised throughout our schools.

ROBERT FULFORD

Russell Lynes' speech was in effect a satire of the conference itself. But to me it seemed much too easy. We can examine a few fields in which there are no tastemakers at work, and we can see how well the creator and the public work out these problems without help - say in current television, or in post-World War II automobile design, or in low-cost residential architecture. These disasters suggest to me, anyway, that the role of the tastemaker is not without honour. Lynes' satire of the culturettes was also too easy and glib for me. As I looked at

these people he was satirizing, the women in their enormous hats, the anxious young matrons towing their husbands around - it seemed to me that artists and intellectuals make a mistake when they discount them. These people listening with distaste to poetry and puzzling over abstract metal sculpture and sitting bored through contemporary music performances, are indeed full of human error. No one could claim that their motives are unmixed. But the fact is that they are the people who form the non-professional audience for art of all kinds; they

are the people who are listening. I found myself, after a week-end spent in their company, defending them to a poet who accepted Lynes' theory. 'They are all that you have, and the chances are you'll never have anyone else.' The poet only half-believed me, I think. Like most artists he yearns for an audience the size of Ed Sullivan's. But this weekend he confronted some of his audience for once, and in a very small way I think he and the audience were the better for it.

## ART AND THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY

I am greatly flattered to be asked to speak to this distinguished group of tastemakers. Journalists, if they have any sense, always approach a group of specialists like yourselves with their battered hats in their hands. As journalists we are expected to know a little about a great many things but not a great deal about any one thing. We are furthermore expected to be observers and not participants, outsiders not insiders, and we do, indeed, go to some trouble to maintain what we like to think is an objective attitude towards those who are fighting the battles that we report. In other words, we try to maintain an illusion about ourselves. It is obviously impossible to report as I have tried to do on the tastes and manners of our time without generating some fairly strong opinions and, I'm afraid, some prejudices. I mean this evening to toss my battered hat in the air, knowing full well, that as expert intellectual marksmen, you will shoot it full of holes.

When Mr Jarvis asked me to speak at this dinner, he suggested that I address my attention to the subject of 'the tastemakers in an affluent society.' In other words, I find myself in the predicament of being Lynes and Kenneth Galbraith, the author of *The Affluent Society*, at one and the same time. Possibly some of you are aware that Professor Galbraith, a Canadian by birth, and I do not see eye to eye on certain aspects of the arts and how they should be supported in an affluent society. We debated this topic for an hour on a nationwide television show a couple of months ago, and perhaps some of you were sufficiently piqued by the quaint question we were debating, and which Canada has settled, to listen in. But more interesting to me than the debate was the assurance from the National Broadcasting Company that some eight million people heard it. As television audiences in the States go, this is not a large one, but it does seem to me that it is of some significance that eight million people would give up an hour to listening to an economist (now our ambassador to India) and a journalist talk about the financial problems of the theatre, of symphony orchestras, of museums, of opera, ballet, and architecture. I find this

heartening, in some respects, and, I confess, rather dismaying in others. Jacques Barzun has said that my compatriots are engaged in 'a love affair with culture' and perhaps they are. I'm inclined to think that it is more a flirtation than an affair, but there is no question that in the affluent society the arts are commanding larger audiences than ever before on this continent. What I find dismaying is the nature of this flirtation, and it is at this that I would like to look with you this evening.

At the risk of embellishing the obvious, let me suggest some characteristics of the audience for the arts in an affluent society. There is a small group to whom the arts are meat and drink and who give their whole hearts to them . . . a handful of scholars and critics, a coterie of dilettantes, the professional artists, and the aspiring young. To them the arts are a way of life. They eat them, drink them, and talk about nothing else. Some of them are missionaries for the arts who bang away at the heathen with their gospel, but most of them are more concerned with the practical problems of being able to indulge their passion, to perform, to talk the language of the arts with like-minded devotees, to create or to interpret, to refine their skills and to concentrate their vision. This group has grown in proportion to the rest of the population because of general prosperity, and it will grow still more. Part of this growth is the result of disenchantment with the values of materialism, though I do not think that numerically it is a very significant part. Far more important is the amount of money that has been flowing into the arts - more scholarships in the arts and more grants are available to young artists; colleges and universities have been busy establishing elaborate theatres. (In passing it is interesting to note that the college director and his young amateurs are far better equipped than most professional companies.) Communities have been building art centres, organizing concert series, and encouraging local talent and giving it a chance to be seen and heard. The hard core of the audience, in other words, has been receiving if not every encour-



agement at least kinds of encouragement which twenty-five years ago were unheard of. The result is, not surprisingly, that the thirst of the artists has been whetted, not slaked. As opportunities are spread before them their appetite grows and their demands become more insistent. As their status rises so do their ambitions. An affluent society is one which can afford to indulge such demands and support them . . . up to a point.

But there is a far larger audience whose approach to the arts is very different from that of the doers and interpreters, and this is the audience engaged in the flirtation – in ogling the arts if not ever quite daring to come to grips with them. It is a strange relationship. They keep the arts without demanding much of anything in return except the privilege of being in their company. They are respectful, indulgent, patient, and often puzzled. They are generous, forbearing and eager to learn. They go through the rituals, they learn their catechisms, they wrestle with the dogma, and they do their utmost to keep up. More of them are women than men, and I like to think of these women as the 'culturesses,' who, like the farmerettes of the first world war tilled the soil so that the seed might grow. Sometimes one wonders why they bother, but there is no one intimately connected with the arts, I'm sure, who isn't awfully glad that they do. In many cases, they are more than just audience, more than just statistics that swell the door-count, they are the handmaidens who keep the house of art wholesome in the eyes of those who think there is something a little disreputable about the arts, a little immoral, a little suspect, as occult exercises and mysterious goings on always seem to be to a great many righteous people (and if art is not mysterious, what is?).

But like the hard core of the audience for the arts, these handmaidens and hand-misters (if you can call them that) constitute only a small portion of the audience for the arts in our expanding and expansive society. Discounting the massive numbers whom we think of as totally indifferent to the arts for the moment, the largest part of the audience is that aesthetically floating population whose heads are neither in the clouds nor whose feet are firmly planted on the path to the promised land where their lives will be enriched by an appreciation of what an earlier, and presumably less sophisticated generation, used to call 'the finer things.' These are the curiosity seekers, the show-me public, the conscientious parents who traipse their footsore children through our museums on Sunday afternoons, and who deposit them with a get-culture-or-else attitude at children's concerts on Saturday mornings, in much the same spirit and for the same reasons that they deposit them at dancing school. An acquaintance with

art – all the arts – is part of social accomplishment, though it is not necessary in the least to know them well. Having been exposed to them is, however, important. It is part of one's duty as a responsible member of a democratic society to evince some concern for those things which used to be more or less the province of the aristocracy. But for the most part it is sufficient to be able to drop a few names, possibly be on an opus number basis with a few composers, and to know how to avoid the most obvious artistic gaffes. There are those, of course, who go a good deal further than this, who travel abroad in order to be able to capture cathedrals and temples with their Leicas, who visit the homes of long-dead poets in order to send postcards to their friends but who, of course, wouldn't think of reading the work of the poet whose house, among other things, they had gone three thousand miles to look at. But these people make the turnstiles in museums spin, the statistics of culture become heady, and the flirtation seem more and more like a genuine affair of the heart. Surely seven million and a half of the eight million of those who listened to Galbraith and me debate subsidies of the arts were of this sort, and a goodly number of them listened in order to have cocktail conversation with which to impress their friends. This is, unquestionably, the cynical view, and cynicism put in exaggerated terms, but I'm afraid there is some truth in it.

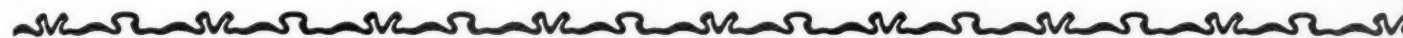
By all odds the largest audience for the arts doesn't think of itself as concerned with the arts at all. It can take the arts or leave them strictly alone, not on the basis of whether they are art but on the basis of whether they find them interesting. To those who believe in an élite culture they are the culturally unwashed and might just as well be left in their gray state of indifference. But to those whose vision of mass culture is the hope of civilization they are at one and the same time the promised land and the desert desperately in need of irrigation. In the States we believe, many of us, that the moguls of mass communication vastly under-estimate the intelligence and taste of this hoard of people and in a missionary spirit believe that if they were exposed to better television, for example, they would like it far better than the pablum and treacle that is their daily fare. In any case this vast audience cannot be said to be engaged in a flirtation with culture, much less an affair with it, and so it commands a respect that the flirtatious but unserious do not command. It is not to be seduced by aesthetic blandishments; it is not interested in artistic snobberies; indeed, it makes no pretense at being interested in what it is not interested in. This audience is a frightful problem for the tastemakers, especially in our time, because it can afford better taste than all the evidence seems

## *We Canadians are tin-eared, brass-eyed people who perpetrate or put up with some of the ugliest townscapes and landscapes in the world*

*People who care about the arts in Canada must fight, not because they are necessarily self-appointed tastemakers trying to turn the rest of the world into genteel prigs like themselves, but simply in order that the arts may survive at all. We must fight the yahoos who commit or would persuade us to accept the ugliness in our environment (and the yahoos who try to cut public support for the C.B.C.,*

*the Canada Council, public art galleries and the rest). We must use political action, public argument and every other kind of effective pressure.*

*The invitation for the art lover to leave public standards alone and retire to a private world to enjoy his books and sculpture and hi-fi – each man his own Bernard Berenson in his own split-level villa, insulated from the horrors of*



to indicate that it has. It is easily seduced by the garish and the gaudy, by shiny surfaces that conceal shoddy workmanship, and is subject to whims and fads. But then, let it be said, so are all but a very few of those who feel it incumbent upon them to tell the biggest of audiences what it should like.

There is one part of the audience for the arts – in some respects the most important part – that I have not yet mentioned. They are not the doers in the arts but the interpreters, not the makers but the makers of taste. They are beholden to the artists, as much to dead ones as live ones, for their function, and their affair with the arts is a genuine and dedicated one. They draw their nourishment, and their solace from daily involvement in the arts, and they feel impelled to share their private satisfactions and pleasures with others and to encourage others to enter into their bower and breathe the same sweet and tangy air. But they also know that the way of the arts is not without its thorny paths and its oubliets, that the arts are tough, often uncompromising and usually demanding. It is easy for the historian of taste to laugh at their mistakes, at the false trails that they have followed with such vigour and conviction, at the traps they have laid for the unwary and then fallen into themselves. Our hindsight is likely to be extremely condescending to their foresight. But then every generation of tastemakers must have the egocentricity of its convictions, or taste would stand still, and so perhaps would the arts.

This part of the audience for the arts does not think of itself as audience but as watchdog and entrepreneur, as the public conscience and purveyor of the word. It is the product of industrial democracy, a relatively new breed, a new kind of participating audience that appeared along with the revolutionary idea of universal literacy as an essential prerequisite for an informed electorate. The idea that it should be anyone's problem to worry about everybody's taste was certainly no concern of the middle ages or of the Renaissance or of the age of the baroque or the rococo. It was not until the nineteenth century that anyone began to fret about the notion that it was necessary to save every man from the sin of bad taste, set his feet upon the paths of good taste and thus save him and the society of which he was a part, from eternal aesthetic damnation. This religion of taste, this conviction that in our kind of society everyone should be raised from indifference to appreciation has spread like wildfire until it has become one of the major industries of democratic societies. It accounts for heaven knows how many magazines on the household and how to have taste at home. It accounts for the fact that in the States we have in roughly a quarter of a century increased the number of our

museums from 600 to 2,500. It accounts for newspaper columns, fashion magazines, television shows not of art but about art, not of music but about music, and so on. It accounts, indeed, for conferences like the one we are now attending.

I have no quarrel with this idea that everyone should be admitted to the mysteries of art and allowed to partake of its sacrament. One thing that can be said for tastemakers is that they are not hoarders; they just can't wait to get other people to share their treasures. Indeed, they are inclined to ram them down other people's throats whether they want them or not.

But let me get back to the audience for the arts – to the handmaidens and hand-misters, to the hard-core of artists, to those whose pursuit of the arts is the pursuit of social acceptability, and to those who look and listen, at least partly, in order that they may spread the word.

I would like to suggest that it is the tastemakers and not the producers of the arts who have caused this segmentation of the audience, and that they have done it by making art mysterious, by making it chic, and by making it class conscious. I speak, of course, for my own country, the history of whose taste I know something about. I cannot speak for Canada, though I dare say that there are parallels.

The consumption of art in the States has long been associated with the idea of gentility. It was the genteel thing to be interested in music, in opera especially, in painting and sculpture and in the theatre. To explain this it is necessary to go back to the 1830s, to the administration of President Andrew Jackson and what was called the First Age of the Common Man. It was a time when the old aristocratic tradition of leadership in the States more or less came to an end and the 'ruffians' as they were called, took over the White House. It was a time when the republican spirit and ideas of egalitarianism were heady, and it was also a time of prosperity, speculation, adventurous progress into the wilderness of the west and the beginning of our industrial revolution. Fortunes were made (and often lost) with astonishing rapidity. Families whose origins were humble suddenly found themselves rich. It was an age of affluence, though not of the general affluence that we enjoy today. But it was a time when the idea of egalitarianism did what it so often does – it made those who could afford it put on airs and graces in order that they might make themselves as *unequal* in a society of equality as possible. It was a time when books of etiquette sold by the hundreds of thousands, when books on household taste first poured from the presses, when books on domestic architecture appeared on parlor tables along with plush bound Bibles and Godey's *Lady Book*. It was a time when the word

the twentieth century and half resigned from the human race – is often seductive but must be firmly refused. It must be refused by all perhaps but a few saints of the contemplative way who are prepared to accept its austere demands as well as its pleasures.

How can the arts be enjoyed, after all, in any but the most selfish and superficial manner, unless our aim is directed towards a whole way of living that gives the imagination its proper central place, and our final hope is to make over society in the image of mankind's highest and finest desires? The arts are not ends in themselves, but incendiary things that will move us to raze Babylon

and build the new Jerusalem. A person who loves the arts can never be content while the source and means of civilization itself, the city, is symbolized in our time by a rotting core, suburban sprawl, and the blight that comes from the right of the private car to be as omnipresent, and the property owner and advertiser to be as libidinally vulgar, as they please.

What we need above all is the means of training our eyes to see again. We need a revolutionary program of visual education. Who else but blind people would put up with the ugliness that surrounds us, the ugliness that we have created for ourselves? We have at least become pub-

'genteel' was on the lips of everyone who aspired to social position or acceptability. Part of gentility was a certain nodding acquaintance with the arts. Young ladies were taught to play the piano, sing a bit, and do water colours. They were also taught to swoon at poetry and weep at the sight of tender pictures of calf-eyed lovers in bowers of honeysuckle. Art, or what was considered art by the genteel classes, became a necessary social ornament, but, and this is important, it became the prerogative almost exclusively of women. It was considered sissy for a man to be interested in the arts. Culture was women's business. It was man's business to make money so that his wife and daughters might be surrounded by the tasteful objects of life. While he dressed and looked like a factory chimney in his black frock coat and black stove-pipe hat, his wife rustled in acres of satin and ribbons. Taste, in other words, was a facet of gentility and a badge of class, and the tastemakers of those days, many of them, wanted to keep it that way. In its very first issue in the 1860s *Harper's Bazaar* bemoaned the fact that it was increasingly difficult to distinguish at a distance the maid from her mistress, and the working man from the gentleman. It felt that distinctions of dress – that is distinctions of taste – should be maintained on a class basis.

If art was socially acceptable, artists were not, though some of them became so as the century progressed and it became evident that an artist, like a businessman or a lawyer, could command high prices for his services. But the artist was not in the least happy about the way in which society treated the arts. Thomas Cole, who was one of the most popular artists of his time in the States, wrote in his diary in 1838, 'I am out of place . . . there are few persons of real taste, and no opportunity for the true artist to develop his powers. The tide of utility sets against the fine arts.' And the novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, wrote to Horatio Greenough when the sculptor returned from studying in Rome: 'You are in a country in which every man swaggers and talks, knowledge or no knowledge; brains or no brains; taste or no taste. They are all *ex nato* connoisseurs, politicians, religionists, and every man's equal and all men's betters.' If the artist was unacceptable to society, society was, obviously, equally unacceptable to him. The split between the artist and the world that prided itself on its taste was a chasm that there seemed to be no way to bridge. It was the tastemakers who tried to build a span between artist and consumer and they did it by appealing to the moneyed classes to recognize their responsibility for promoting culture on this new continent and the culture most worth promoting, they believed, was European culture. If we were chauvinist about many things, we were apologetic

about our arts, perhaps not without reason, and acceptable taste became a taste for things European. Art became more than ever the rich man's toy; it became the plaything of the leisure classes. It is hard for us to remember that while a man like Andrew Carnegie was making a tax-free income of twenty-three million dollars in 1900, his workers were making about six hundred dollars a year, and they were working sixty hours a week.

Out of the age of the Common Man came the cult of gentility and out of gentility came a kind of pseudo-artistic noblesse oblige, and in their efforts to establish a beachhead for the arts on this continent the tastemakers encouraged all of these. They had an idea that taste, if the leisure classes could be made to have it, would filter down to the poorer (and busier) classes. What happened was quite the opposite. What was presumably good taste when the rich adopted it got tricked up, watered down, and hung with gimcrackery for popular consumption. And who did this to it? We are inclined to say that it was the commercializers of taste who were the blackguards, and often they were, but if you will look at what was recommended to the public as the highest of good taste fifty years ago by the most serious tastemakers you may have cause to wonder at their missionary zeal as well as at their concepts of what was good and beautiful.

But let me get back from this slight historical excursion to the problems of the tastemakers today . . . to the indifferent audience, the genteel audience, the missionary audience and what I have called the hard core of scholars, dilettantes and artists. There are obviously many things besides the efforts of the tastemakers that have segmented the audience of the arts. Thomas Cole was right when he said that the 'tide of utility sets against the fine arts' but he might have added that the tide of progress also set against them in his own time, and the excitements of our continent, of evolving new ways to distribute the riches of the land, of creating literate rather than illiterate masses. Utility was the enemy of the arts; other intellectual preoccupations were also their enemies as they are their enemies today. I sometimes wonder, for example, if the Russians were to put a poet in orbit if we wouldn't have a crash program for poetry.

There is, however, one vast change that has come over the audience for the arts which has thrown the whole structure of the arts in our society into a new perspective and which has started spirited, indeed sometimes blood-letting, arguments among those who are most involved with the arts. It is simply that there is no leisure class any more, or, to put it another way, everybody belongs to the leisure class. Now that the work week has dropped from sixty hours to forty and for



lively concerned about a crisis in the education of the mind during the past decade, even though we have only just begun to do something about it. We are by no means so clearly aware of the far greater need to train ourselves to see. For to starve our eyes of visual beauty is to cultivate death as surely as if we starved our bodies of food or our minds of ideas. 'The eyes were not made,' wrote Thoreau, 'for such grovelling uses as they are now put to and worn out by, but to behold beauty now invisible.' As Jane Drew put it, in advocating a training in the visual arts for everyone, 'I think that the paralysis of our senses and the accent on intellectualization alone is very wrong.'

Let us follow the utopian vision then, and not the advice of the crackpot realists who say that it must not or cannot be done, until someday we create cities and a whole society that will be a communion in all the sciences and all the arts, and a fit place for human beings.

WILLIAM KILBOURN

a great many people to thirty-five hours and promises in another decade to be twenty hours, the job holder works scarcely any longer today than it used to take the mistress of a household to order her meals, plan the work of her servants, and drop cards on her friends. Suddenly (for it seems to be suddenly) that portion of the populace who used to work long hours and who, we believed, had earned an afternoon at the ballpark or at the race track, becomes a problem not only in ethics but in aesthetics. Suddenly we are worried about his soul instead of his body; we are worried about all that time that he has on his hands (more worried than he is), about how he should improve each shining hour of his time off, or if not each hour at least some hours which we have come to call, in the vernacular of television, 'prime time.'

The argument that this benighted creature of automation and reform has precipitated is the argument of class culture versus mass culture. I do not mean to precipitate myself into the vortex of this argument this evening; it is as you know a little like jumping into a cultural automatic clothes washing machine in which the froth very quickly obscures the dirty linen at hand. Briefly stated, the class culture partisans view with alarm both the nature of the material with which the mass media provide the mass audience and also their attempts to provide what they believe is a watered-down version of culture. They believe that culture should be preserved from such contamination. Those who believe in mass culture and see it as the hope of the future are inclined to believe that there is splendid evidence (most of it statistical) that the masses are taking culture to heart or at least that all this flirtation that is going on may someday come to grips with reality and breed something other than a monster.

I wonder. I wonder if perhaps we are not too worried about the audience and about leading it by the hand or dragging it by the heels to culture. There may be something more to Dorothy Parker's outrageous pun on the word 'horticulture' than just its wit. It has been amply demonstrated that we can create audiences for the arts by public relations, by display techniques, by snobbery, by civic or national pride. We know hundreds of tricks for making art fashionable; we know all the tricks of beguilement and seduction, and having used them so successfully we want to entice everybody into our boudoir. We talk about making the arts 'meaningful' (a singularly meaningless word) to everybody, not just as an ornament of leisure but as a force of life. In an affluent society everyone has time for culture of some sort; everyone should have his sights raised, his sensibilities sharpened, and his mind stretched. Nobody can quarrel with that, I

think. It is a Utopian idea, but then most good ideas usually are . . . or were in their origins.

But there is a catch in it. You cannot create artists by the same methods that you create audiences, and what good are audiences without artists? It is a paradox of our affluent society that artists are deeply suspicious of the very methods by which they are exposed to the public. I do not know a painter or a writer (I exempt actors from this) who is not cynical about the ballyhoo and the publicity that butters his bread. He is suspicious of the popularity he enjoys; he mistrusts the public that pays him extravagant lip-service. It is characteristic of our time that no matter how hard he tries to escape from his audience into a world of his own and of his peers (whose opinion terribly matters to him), no matter how abstruse or abstract he becomes, the audience comes panting after him in a perpetual game of hide and seek. I sometimes wonder if the artist of our time isn't being understood to death—over-interpreted, over-criticized, over-explained and overwhelmed with self-consciousness. He is a man in perpetual flight from a society that insists on discovering corners of his soul that he has not yet discovered for himself.

I pose this as a question and by no means as an answer to the problem of the tastemaker in an affluent society. Do we not run the risk of creating the audience at the expense of the arts and of the artists? Do we not in our enthusiasm tend to nurture an audience that cares far more about being part of the right audience than it does about the arts or the man that makes them? Are we not, perhaps, guilty of creating our own forms of genteel appreciation, and by doing so of keeping the artist at loggerheads with the public? Aren't we guilty of saying that art is 'nice' when art is not nice at all? It is tough, it is explosive, it is often upsetting, but never dreary, and it tries, I hope, to be honest, and honesty, in our public relations ridden society is, everybody knows, the worst policy. It seems to me possible, just barely possible, that if we were to desist from making everyone think that he ought to like art, that the serious artist might have more respect for his audience, and that he might think that the audience was a respectable thing to pursue if he were not pursued by an audience he didn't respect. We should, perhaps, call a moratorium on taste entirely, and reconsider the concept of pleasure . . . the pleasure of surprise, the pleasure of understanding, the pleasure of shared experience. I have a notion that if we were to stop worrying about uplifting the public taste and really put our minds on the public pleasure that the artists would come out of their holes and the tastemakers could go back into theirs.

RUSSELL LYNES

# ARTS IN SOCIETY

*At the Arts in Society panel of the conference, architects and town planners and a wide variety of other interested persons came together to talk about the shaping of an environment fit for human beings – among them John C. Parkin, Toronto architect, co-author of the R.A.I.C. report on the Design of the Residential Environment, and Chairman of the N.A.D.C.; Hazen Sise, Montreal architect; Anthony Adamson, architect and planner, Associate Professor of Town Planning at the University of Toronto and Vice-Chairman of the N.C.C.; Jean-Charles Falardeau, Chairman of the Department of Sociology, Laval University; Stewart Bates, President of C.M.H.C.; Russell Lynes, editor of Harper's Magazine; and Jane Drew, British architect and planner.*

## I THE PROBLEM

No art is more important than the art of city building. The nature of the city itself, the physical representation of its aspirations is, I suggest, of greater cultural importance than all of the music and ballet, all of the writing, that might take place within it. Civilization by the very definition and common origin of the word is the story of our cities. But for the most part, in our society, the art of the city environment is no art at all. And perhaps this accounts for the nature of most of our cities. Other civilizations viewed their cities as worthy of their highest loyalty and creativity. The ordinary citizens of Athens more than 2000 years ago made this pledge, 'We shall never bring disgrace to this our city . . . we shall fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city. We shall revere and obey city laws. We shall strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty, so that in all these ways we may transmit this, our city, not less, but greater, better, more beautiful than it came to us.'

Sir Julian Huxley has suggested that it costs little more to build the beautiful than to build the ugly, and that our next step in civilization must be a positive attempt to make our environment a work of art. The arts of the environment are the most complex of all. They call for the highest idealism from both theorist and practitioner. Above all, they call for the same kind of pledge from today's Everyman as that made by the ancient Athenian. Some of the idealism – and the hard facts – of city building are the things we must face up to now.

JOHN C. PARKIN

The concept of *laissez-faire* in private enterprise, whatever historical validity it had for economics, is calamitous when it is applied to the building of our living environment. But it is very deeply entrenched into our concept of law, and our whole mode of thinking. It is the idea that a man with a piece of land, if he has the money, has the right to build whatever he likes on it, whether it insults or horrifies the eyes of his fellow citizens or not.

HAZEN SISE

The society of which we are a part, and which our cities mirror so perfectly is a complete anthill. It sells its houses, I understand, every four and a quarter years. It sells its car every two and a quarter years. It never stays in the same place for any length of time. It is no longer cohesive and it is no longer coherent. We must recognize this fact. And I think it will break our hearts if we think we will really be able to do some of the things we hope.

I think one of the things we need far more than anything else is more publicly-owned land. The greatest example of public ownership in Canada is the National Capital Commission which has bought a green belt for 30 odd million dollars. One of the most successful towns in Canada is Saskatoon which in the last 15 years has seen all its developments take place on publicly-owned land. I really believe this is the first step in our philosophy. We must be more cohesive and

more coherent in our approach and I don't think this is possible except by massive changes in such things as our public attitude towards land expropriation.

When I was trying to get a park in my little suburban municipality, both in the County Council and in my municipality, they said 'What do you want a park for?' And I said 'Well, it would be a good thing.' And they said 'Foreigners will come out from the city of Toronto and drink beer in your parks.' Now this is perfectly correct. It was quite wrong of me to suggest a park for the Township of Toronto because it was not serving the township and what I'm trying to say is that the boundaries of our organizations and municipalities are completely out of date, just as the idea that there is such a thing as a village and a town in Southern Ontario is completely out of date. The whole fiscal system, the whole tax system under which we try to operate municipalities is out of date, and certainly the boundaries are.

ANTHONY ADAMSON

There are still people who like to walk in the city, to feel the pulse of the city, to feel surrounded, not only by the noise but by other people, to enjoy themselves, looking at stores, stopping here and there to sip coffee, to have that feeling of participating in what the city has to offer them. Now it is less and less possible to walk and enjoy oneself because it seems as though the city has completely disappeared. The city is a place for cars to go driving by. There is very little place left, at the centre or elsewhere, merely to enjoy being in the city.

JEAN-CHARLES FALARDEAU

The construction of our cities comes under the jurisdiction of no one. This is really the heart of the problem. At one time, city-making could be achieved by a prince or a baron. Today, in North America, this is impossible. The construction of cities is entirely fragmented. It's part of the division of labour under which we live. In effect, whether it's a centre or a suburb, it simply grows and no one is responsible. This is perhaps inevitable in North America and I think we shall see more of it. Our universities have few people studying this. There are very few schools. The art of civic design has hardly started in Canada.

This fact helps produce the suburb. Take a typical suburb. Who made it? Certainly not its inhabitants. They had nothing at all to do with its creation. They saw a model home, went there, lived in it and began to find out later that the shadows of a prison house were beginning to close in around them. Why? Well, think how the subdivision is made. A speculator and land developer, a builder, a loan agent, providers of doors, stucco and glass, makers of streets. No coherent design. Just laid there, higgledy piggledy. And it's only later that a realization comes that this house has within it some shy, inexpressive, untutored, intelligent woman who knows she hasn't achieved what *Homes and Gardens* promised her.

It may be the system of private enterprise itself that thwarts us. At C.M.H.C., for instance, we make thousands of designs for doors, windows, etcetera. We have a department whose whole work it is to test new materials. Now when I was a boy in Scotland, in our small village materials were loved and respected. Each apprentice, each craftsman had grown up with these local materials. And the materials gave a certain integrity to the work. But what integrity can you get here from materials that flow in by the thousands to any architect, any builder.

STEWART BATES

# THE ART OF BUILDING CITIES

I come from a city that is probably the city that has all the problems that all the cities of the world have at their worst. We have managed in New York to be completely without plan and consideration of what the city was going to be like. Our most spectacular and recent trick was to take Park Avenue, a street where people lived, and turn it into, on both sides, a row of glass-curtain-wall office buildings. This has brought into the area of the centre of New York – around the transportation centre – around Grand Central Station, literally hundreds and thousands of people. And we have torn down part of Grand Central Station in order to put a fifty storey octagonal office building at the bottom of Upper Park Avenue that is going to house 30,000 office workers and is going to bring into that area of the city some 30,000 more people a day. In other words, we are adding to the already most cluttered part of New York another 60,000 people with no consideration of how we're going to get them there, how we're going to feed them and, worst of all, how we're going to get rid of them. We have managed in New York, through the good offices of Robert Moses, to so louse up traffic in the city that it now seems an insoluble problem. Moses did this, I think in the hopes that by ringing the city with beautiful highways and by making our rivers prettier and more available he was going to do something for the city. But precisely the opposite has happened. We did, incidentally, once have a man in New York called Eardlaw Olmstead who was, I suppose, the greatest of our nineteenth century landscape architects. He planned Central Park and he did it in such a way – in the 1860s – that no one has ever been able to improve on it. None of its exit accesses and entrances have been changed. This man had enormous vision. But it's harder to have vision now than it was then. We have no real city-planning commission in New York that cuts much ice.

New York real estate laws are such (and are centred on federal laws) that it's possible to build so that the real estate man fills in all the space available to him. He can get his money out in seven years. In other words, he is building for quick and immediate turnover. This means we have very sloppy building, a minimum of good architecture. What was one of our handsomest streets is now no more than a ditch and glacier. All the people who used to live in the city, and who can afford it, are now living in the suburbs. The suburbs are fast becoming their own mess, eating up what was once beautiful farmland. It means that we are now a few rich people and a great many poor people. And we have no plan, so far as I know, that is going to restore the balance.

RUSSELL LYNES

## II SOME WAYS OUT

We have in Canada certain advantages which we have not yet used. One of them is the fewness of our cities, so that the possibility of reconstitution or redevelopment on a national scale is very much easier than contemplating this sort of thing in the United States. Secondly, in Canada it is, I think, possible to gather in one large room all the men who control property. And I'm sure that if we did gather

in a room like this and decided, say, that instead of putting 20 new plants along route 401, we would put them somewhere else, it could be quite easily worked out. I, myself, have been very enthusiastic for the past ten years trying to convince politicians that the federal government's contribution to the centenary of 1967 should be to create a new town, a model town. The people of Canada will never understand what a decent looking town or a decent looking suburb is like until they see one. In the case of the suburb, surely it is possible, not too difficult, to envisage these satellite suburbs as having a central core, whether it be the school, the church, the shopping centre or what have you, ringed with the individual housing behind it. It is possible to envisage certain satellites of this kind, campus-type satellites that would provide opportunities for children to play, etcetera. This is not so difficult. It is all quite possible. It just requires someone to make up his mind.

These problems can't be completely solved by hiring a town planner. He can help you draw a map, but he won't build the walls of the map. It's only part of the operation. You have to take more on yourselves, change your attitudes of mind. We must wake the enthusiasm of the churches, of the parent-teacher associations, the voluntary groups that run through our society and which typify the last remaining part of democracy within it. These voluntary groups and associations all have contributions to make to the cultural, legislative, constitutional, physical, monetary systems which must be changed if you want to produce an architectural, a total, solution.

It's not merely a legislative framework that's required. It's an attitude of mind on the public's part. And I'm grateful that a group like this sees fit to come and discuss what I think is the most important subject in Canada.

STEWART BATES

I would like to see that certain model environments get built. Now Ottawa is our capital. It's a rather small city, and there is plenty there to stimulate the imagination. They've got quite a lot of land around and I believe Mr Bates is trying, on a 70 acre site, to make a criterion, a model suburb. I think we should have an organ of the federal government dealing with the establishment of criteria of new ways to live which are suitable to our time and to our people, new ways to park cars, new designs for our centres. Then I think we'll really be able to grasp the problem. If there is a criterion to go by, then the people from Three Rivers, from Red Deer and Port Credit can go and see what is there, and see if they can get something out of it.

ANTHONY ADAMSON

I would like to suggest that there is something to be said for higgledy-piggledy. I think one is all too likely to think of fixing up a city by tearing down its old buildings, replacing them with splendid new apartment houses surrounded by grass. One of the important aspects of a city, one of the reasons why people love a city is that it is a sort of palimpsest of tastes. It's layer on layer of aspirations of people and their style. What I would like to see happen in New York is not to tear down our slums and build splendid things with a lot of grass around them, but do what there is now beginning to be a move towards, and that is to rehabilitate already existing buildings and try and provide open space where buildings have been torn down. This is not, I think, subjecting the individual to the greater good of the mass. It is preserving the individuality of the city, rather than trying to clean it up.

RUSSELL LYNES



I have been very cheered recently by the Piccadilly case in London. The Piccadilly building – which is exactly what is going to happen here if nobody stops it – was a bad building for office workers, in the wrong spot. But it was passed by the London County Council. It was passed by the Royal Fine Arts Commission. And architects met everywhere in little groups to say 'What scandal!' And then we fought. We just got together and we fought. And we finally proved our case. We proved the building was being put in the wrong place, that it was an office building in a pleasure centre. And that it was an ugly building. What's more, we discovered that the Queen from Buckingham Palace would see a Coca Cola sign and this helped us a lot. We had posters all over London saying 'Who done it?' And we won. Not only that but it has been decided that pedestrians and motor cars must be separated. People will no longer be murdered by the motorcar. The whole case was reported very well in the *New Yorker* and it's a case which has given us a great deal of hope. I see great hope here in Canada. I saw in Winnipeg, of all places, a town designed near where John Parkin comes from with streets underground linked to motorcars and pedestrian ways above ground.

You build a good town and people will go there. We've got them in England and the new towns are a complete success. Take Crawley. We used to have commuters from Crawley to London. Now we have them from London to Crawley. It's up to the artist and the architects to imagine something which will give people what they want. When the town exists people will know whether they want it or not. I say, yes, build a model town.

And in your cities, start now by building centres where people can walk and meet and enjoy themselves. I asked to see the centre of Winnipeg and I was shown a place where roads met and there was a big Coca Cola sign at the top. This, I was told, is the centre of Winnipeg. Every town needs an open piazza. In London we have only one, Trafalgar Square, and a rotten one in Piccadilly. But where they do exist, in Rome, in Venice, you find places where people have celebrated life. I'm told that in North America people go out of their way to drive out to the shopping centres just because they can meet themselves and walk in the delightful surroundings. In Don Mills you've got an excellent shopping centre which is a complete success. You've got a golden opportunity in Canada. Build something good and get some good publicity. You won't have any trouble with people wanting to go there.

Mr Bates, yesterday, made an awfully good suggestion that I would like you all to carry on with and that is that your celebration for your centenary should be a new town, a new city, in Canada. And I'm going to suggest a few things which I think this city should contain. To begin with, let's talk about woman's place. It's been in the home and I'd suggest to you it's been in the wrong. It is not a thing which is con-

finned within the walls of a small home. Her place is part of the whole environment. She should have a chance to enjoy all possible experiences, and she should be able to take part in them during her day-to-day life while she is looking after her children. For instance, a beautiful experience would be for her to be able to shop in peaceful areas. There is no car noise. To get to the centre she need cross no roads. Pedestrian circulation would be entirely separate from motor cars. In cold areas, there could be warmed open air in shopping areas... this sort of thing is now being done in Berlin. Heat can be pumped from the earth. There should be public areas where the majority of people can gather for common activities.

In a way, I'm talking from experience. We are doing a big work for Pilkington's and this firm has accepted the idea of a lake, a museum, a theatre, a piazza, together with very good working conditions as part of the essential life of the worker. Both Pilkington's and Rolls Royce have realized that to get the right people into their industry, they must make the town itself as a place worth living in. They can't get the right kind of young men if there are not the right schools, the right houses, the right social life and the right atmosphere. Otherwise, they will go to areas where these things do exist.

There must be facilities for women to do part-time work, and facilities so that education can be a life-time process for those who want it. By learning I mean the visual arts, music, the training of all our senses. I mean cooking, I mean something about love. I think the whole spiritual idea will become part of our future life in the kind of city we want to see fulfilled. There will be some high buildings with gardens, not in the sentimental 'garden city' kind of way but in a new kind of self-expression which our new techniques will make it quite possible for us to reach. You can see what Le Corbusier can achieve with the simplest materials and labour. Property and riches have nothing to do with it. The only thing which has to do with it is your spirit, and your wish to have everything that is necessary for the care of the spirit.

When the Indians came to England to search for an architect, they started by telling us, 'We want the best architects in the world. We want to create. We have no money. We are refugees. We want to create the best possible ambience for man.' Naturally, we recommended they go to Le Corbusier. And then we met and worked together. Perhaps man must go through great sorrow and suffering as the Indians did, to realize how important spiritual things are.

But however it comes, I think there will be a complete change in approach, in the creation of our cities. It's important that you people at this conference are here and caring. If you in Canada are vocal about it, you can stop the bad things and you can help the good things to happen.

JANE DREW

# THE VISUAL ARTS

*In the course of the two-day discussions of the visual arts, the panels and the audience covered a wide range of problems, from rebellious art students to prices on the current art-market which prohibit the common man from sharing in the 'boom'; from the question of nationalism in art to the problems of the mass-media in our mass-democracies.*

have on the hill behind the house is a kind of miracle to me and it's becoming more of a miracle day by day. Next year it might be trees, or rocks, or worms. It's all an increasing miracle to me. I'm more and more so glad to be alive. I get up and pinch myself sometimes so it hurts. And I think this is part of the inevitable evolution of a painter. You get down until you've made a skeleton of yourself, and you've taken away your flesh. You should do this, I think, with a certain amount of torture. You've got to beware of facility and repetition and clichés, and all the traps the artist can fall into. But I think it's doing without that gives you strength. I've said it before and I'll say it again, 'I think art is as private as the workings of one's kidney.' And I think the more you realize this privacy the greater strength and the greater self-containment you'll have. And conversely, then, your evolution can be granted.

COLVILLE: I also have no desire to travel outside of occasionally going somewhere to see works of art. I have no desire to steep myself in the vogue of life of contemporary Rome. This just doesn't interest me. So I don't feel that I'm suffering in living in New Brunswick. Fifteen years ago I felt that I wanted to be in a place that seemed real to me, a place that had particular associations for me, a place in which the people and things of the environment actually meant something to me and I wanted to live in this set-up and meditate about it and try and do something with it, as a painter, and that's what I've done.

CHAIRMAN: Do you feel any sense of Canadianism about it?

COLVILLE: In a sense I feel very much a North American. Perhaps moreso than I do a Canadian. I think the distinction between a citizen of the United States and one of Canada is not very great. Another thing I think is related to this whole theme. We talk about universality in art and about cosmopolitanism and so on. But it seems to me that universality comes from the particular, or it may come from the particular and by immersing oneself in the particular, it is possible to be universal.

CHAIRMAN: Blake would agree entirely. I think it was Blake who said the universal is known through the concrete and the particular, in reaction to Joshua Reynolds. But there are artists, like Jack Shadbolt, who go abroad and come back with a completely refreshed set of images and then have quite a time reconciling the colours, the palette of the south of France to the forests of British Columbia. But I think this has been highly productive in his case. Do you agree that this kind of experience is necessary?

COLVILLE: I agree that it's ridiculous to be self-consciously Canadian or to make a self-conscious attempt to produce a Canadian art. I think this is something like tourism. One lives in a place in Canada and produces art and one hopes that it's good, one wants it to be good, and since it's been produced in Canada by a person living in Canada it's Canadian art. But I don't think it's a question of defining a platform: What should Canadian art be, and so on.

TONNANCOUR: Travel has broadened my range of feeling and humanized me but it hasn't given me anything in the way of what you would call influence. In other words, it has maybe improved the man but not the painter. Of course, that is the prerequisite condition.

CHAIRMAN: Of course, anything that improves the man improves the artist. You don't regret having gone to Brazil?

TONNANCOUR: No, not at all. As a matter of fact, I wish I could travel a lot more. Only I think one must resign himself to sacrificing a lot of things, and travelling, visiting, consuming art, as it were, is one of the things an artist must resign himself to drop in a large measure. Otherwise he may become a dilettante, and could never concentrate on his own thing.

CHAIRMAN: Two distinguished American critics who came to Ottawa to act as jurors for the Biennial singled out the work of Tonnancour and Lemieux as being essentially Canadian, maintaining that such

The question which sparked part of the discussion was, 'Is it either necessary or useful for the Canada Council to offer scholarships for artists to travel abroad?' A corollary to this question is, of course, 'Is there such a thing as a Canadian identity and should it be preserved?'

TOWN: I don't think there's such a thing as a national style in the world any more; I don't see how there can be with the tremendous and rapid rate of communication today. In fact I think it's even hard for a painter to be genuinely original for any length of time - even for six months, without having somebody imitate either his style or one aspect of his style, because there are reproductions of his work - maybe three days after he's done it appearing in an art magazine and somewhere, somewhere takes one small aspect of this and enlarges on it. Now styles are immediately seen. I see all of them here, anyway. The only thing that I think that you can get through travel would be the great pictures in the great museums. I've been to New York. I haven't been to Europe. It takes an act of courage for me just to open a letter!

I can't get away from my environment . . . it's all around me. For example, I have recently rediscovered grass and goldfish and I've learned that I can do with less and less and the small little garden I

ROBERT FULFORD IN THE  
TORONTO DAILY STAR

The art exhibit made one point: It lays to rest the idea that there is any school or style which the Council backs exclusively or even predominantly. In painting, the exhibit runs from bad realistic (Rue de Lambe, a flat, dead John Maxwell water colour) to bad abstract (Night, by Trudy Fischer, a pointless action painting). In sculpture it runs from bad realistic (Girl with Cat, a very dull Arthur Price piece) through bad abstract (Afterking's Head, by John Nesbitt, a three-dimensional doodle) to outlandishly bad abstract (Stactique Boreale, a piece of fibreglass illuminated by built-in lights).

These examples, and a dozen or so others, prove that so far the Council has not fallen into the habit of playing favourites stylistically. They prove, in fact, that mediocrity has been rewarded, without regard to style.

Of course there was much in the show that doesn't fall into this category - indeed, it would be hard to find anywhere a wider range of valuable Canadian art. It runs from Micheline

Beauchemin's tapestries to Michael Snow's brilliant abstract News; from Graham Coughtry's oblique essay in paint to George Swinton's semi-realistic Red Still Life with Millet's Bathers. It covers Donald Jarvis, Takao Tanabe, an absorbing newcomer named Robert Murray, and several others. Most especially, it includes Armand Vaillancourt.

Vaillancourt's sculpture has been shown here before, but never to such good effect. His huge decorative wooden screen, placed in the lobby, seems to have grown on the spot. His war memorial for Chicoutimi, outside the centre, looked awkward to me at first, but now - after three or four examinations - seems an altogether valid way of saying 'war is hell.' He has taken the shape of a gun - perhaps an anti-aircraft gun - and twisted it into a fine short-hand image. In these pieces he makes it plain to me - as it's been plain to many others for some time now - that Vaillancourt has to be added to the very short list of interesting Canadian sculptors.

James Reaney

*Contemporary painting in Canada still has to watch out not for Harold Greer but for slickness and lack of personality. Why, oh why does not someone do Adam naming the animals!*

HAROLD GREER IN  
THE GLOBE AND MAIL

... Mr Noguchi then remarked at some length about an artist friend who felt he was a fish and wanted to be a bird; but this takes many generations, he said.

painting could only have emerged in Canada. I understand that these paintings resulted from your travelling across Canada by train in 1956, after a period when you were not painting at all?

TONNANCOUR: Yes. I rediscovered, on the way back going through the spruce forests, in the muskeg country and elsewhere, this linear graphic quality in the forest and my painting developed as a graphic embroidery running through space. This was only incidental because this only brought back a kind of obsession I've had with forests, with vegetation, with the outdoors which I have known in the Laurentians since I was a child. So I think that on the whole it is a question for the artists of reaching deeply into this level where the first images have marked you and I think that those are the most profound contents you want to be tied with until the end of your life. It's a question of expanding and maturing over them. But this return to childhood images is essential to any artist if he wants to make his way at the period of maturity.

This year, I've gone one step further into the slow evolutionary process I was undergoing and I have moved into non-representational form. I'm having a show currently in Montreal and I think this show marks the transition from locally inspired forms. The same fundamental inspiration is coming through. It's only the form that has varied.

NOGUCHI: Why does one travel? I think in my own case, I went seriously about travelling in 1950 when I became rather disgusted with myself, and with New York. It all seemed to be a kind of rat race. There was no end to it and I wanted to break away. Not to learn anything. Actually, I think travelling has a rather lonely effect if done seriously enough. One doesn't see the things one is accustomed to see, one is off to meditate. I think that travel may be a form of self-examination.

CHAIRMAN: Do you find that you can work happily in Japan and in New York?

NOGUCHI: I return to New York partly because of economic necessity and partly because my artistic 'relatives' are there, my critical audience. My artistic compatriots are there, the people who are able to discourse

with me. I mean discourse in the sense that 'you do this and I do that' and we know what we are doing without having to explain it to one another. I mean we are in communion, and that is felt more keenly by me in New York, though nowadays I must say that the same sort of thing is happening everywhere. You can go to Ceylon and they know what you are talking about and what you are doing.

CHAIRMAN: Have you found the atmosphere in Japan conducive to work?

NOGUCHI: Japan of course was cut off from the West for a long while. Free expression was not encouraged. Therefore they are now very eager to have contact with the world, and they find art one of the most vital means of contact with the world around them. They want to be as modern as possible, I suppose, as international as possible, and they know more, probably, about what is going on in Toronto than you do.

CHAIRMAN: When you did go back, did you find any particular Japanese art-form which influenced you?

NOGUCHI: I think one is influenced by what one likes, wherever it is. I think that in a sense there is no longer any national characteristic, except perhaps in the comparison between two nations... Japanese artists are confined by their nature and by the delicate tradition they have. I wish we could be brutal like the Americans are, but we can't. It's like a fish wanting to be a bull-dog... the point is that the fish eventually becomes the bird but it takes many generations... and in the meantime you're a fish. I think that is one of the reasons I travel a good deal, because I hope sometime or other I will find out that 'this is where I am.' I think the more we lose ourselves in travelling the more we'll find ourselves. I do enjoy working in different places and I'm sure if I were here in Canada any length of time you would accept me as a Canadian and then, after I had been away a while you would say, 'Where have you been?' However, there is a larger community of human beings to which we also belong and the question is, How can the artist function beyond the small confines in which he finds himself? That is the problem I sought to solve when I started to travel ten years ago.



# LAING

194 BLOOR STREET W., TORONTO

- \* *Old Master Paintings & Drawings*
- \* *Kriehhoff & the Early Canadians*
- \* *Group of Seven*
- \* *Contemporary Canadians*
- \* *Contemporary British & French Paintings*
- \* *Sculpture — Modern Masters*



MARINO MARINI. *Horse*, 1942  
Bronze, 28¼" high



ANDRÉ DERAÏN. *Still Life*, c. 1920  
From the collection of Sir Chester Beatty

# HÉRITAGE DE FRANCE



ANON. *The Dead Christ*. c. 1640. Musée des Beaux-Arts, Dijon, France

The 87 paintings of this exhibition will come from France, Great Britain, Sweden, the United States and Canada; among the many distinguished lenders are Her Majesty The Queen and the Louvre.

The exhibition is the result of six years of planning by the exhibiting galleries, and it endeavours to present an impression of painting in France during the years of her political control in North America. Therefore the exhibition begins about 1630 with such well known names as Nicholas Poussin and Claude Lorrain, covers the period of the Regency with Antoine Watteau and his followers, and ends about 1760 with François Boucher and Chardin. It has been planned as a gesture to the French traditions of Canadian culture as, four years ago, the exhibition *British Painting in the Eighteenth Century* complemented Canada's British inheritance.

NICOLAS DE LARGILLIÈRE. *Mlle Duclos as Ariadne*. Coll: Rosenberg and Stieble

Given the tastes and attitudes of present-day amateurs and connoisseurs of the fine arts, few phases in the history of art are as little understood as the development of French painting during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The evolution in aesthetic matters as well as in social outlooks and political concepts during these centuries essentially laid the foundation for the reaction of the nineteenth century and for the creation of new ideals in our present century. Perhaps we are still too involved in our reaction to that period to consider objectively the extraordinary achievements of the arts during the reign of Louis XIV and that of his great-grandson, Louis XV. However, during the coming season Canadians are being given a rare opportunity to study this period as well as, perhaps, a considerable challenge with the presentation of the exhibition *Héritage de France*.

A review of this important exhibition which opens at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts in the first week of October and is to be shown during the winter at Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto\* is obviously impossible for this issue of *Canadian Art*. However, given the considerable importance of this exhibition, it is worthwhile to have some thoughts about it in advance.

The selection of the pictures has been made by Martin Baldwin, Director Emeritus of the Art Gallery of Toronto, in consultation with Sir Anthony Blunt of the Courtauld Institute in London and Paul Grigault of the Detroit Institute of Arts. Although the exhibition's quality cannot finally be assessed until the pictures have actually come together, there is no question whatsoever that it will include some of the finest paintings ever exhibited in Canada.



The evolution of French taste from the austere classically-inspired thinking and the splendid grandeur of the seventeenth century to the more intimate, sensuous and decorative brilliance of the mid-eighteenth century is one of the fascinating chapters in the history of European art. The widespread social changes which occurred after the politically long overdue death of Louis XIV in 1715 and during the Regency before the 13-year-old Louis XV came to the throne in 1723 were quickly reflected in the arts. A selection of paintings from this 130-year period can give a fairly substantial impression of the fascinating aspects of its aesthetic evolution. However, to realize a final and complete impression of this astonishingly complex period, examples of the architecture and the decorative arts would have had to be included. In few periods have the conjoining of the various arts been so essential to the total realization of a style; unfortunately, however, this broader study could not practically be realized. The exhibition presents splendid works by each of the major figures of the period; but it is even more important in that it presents important works by the less well known figures who are

essential linking elements in achieving a complete picture of the period. Works by such members of the Academy as Bourdon, LeBrun, La Fosse, Jouvenet and Le Moyne are little known in North America. The evolution of still life painting, one of the more delightful and less well known aspects of seventeenth century French painting, will be well presented. Not only will the painters of the Court be shown, but also such artists as Georges de la Tour, the Le Nains and Chardin, who worked independently of royal commands. In terms of contemporary taste no exhibition shown recently in Canada will prove as difficult as the *Héritage de France*. It will be a challenge. For the most part taste today favours on the one hand non-objective de-humanized pictures which stress such formal elements of the painter's craft as colour and technique and, on the other hand, the representation of specific subjects which are more satisfying for their associations than for their extension of understanding or knowledge. The satisfaction of either or even both of these tastes would hardly be considered sufficient in the aesthetic of most of the painting presented in the exhibition.

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER. *La Cueillette des Cerises*. Coll: Paul Cailleux, Esq., Paris



EUSTACHE LE SUEUR. *The Raising of Tabitha*.  
The Art Gallery of Toronto

In the years since 1870 the subject as such has become increasingly meaningless; instead, it now tends to exist solely as a vehicle for expressing the artist's attitude or his technical method. This evolution has unquestionably influenced the approach to painting of a considerable portion of today's picture-looking public. Thus, for example, in viewing *The Dead Christ* of about 1640, many will admire the great skill in the painting of the drapery, the dramatic ingenuity in the lighting, even the skilful suggestion of textures safely avoiding the exaggerated description of any single one; these elements attract contemporary taste. But for understanding this unknown artist one must realize that these details are only a means to an end. Seventeenth century France favoured the subject of the dead Christ awaiting His Entombment and the artist's aim here was to convey the full pathos of the situation without repelling the viewer with excessive realism. The extraordinary balance between the message and the fact is the genius of this picture.

Again, today, the viewer – too often satiated by the ease of impressions received from some contemporary painting – is unwilling to trouble himself to pursue fully the message or idea of a picture. In *The Raising of Tabitha*, discovered recently by the Art Gallery of Toronto and ingeniously identified as a work by one of the leading figures of early seventeenth century French painting, the artist's deliberate organization of every detail to suggest what has happened, as well as what is about to happen, is





NICOLAS POUSSIN  
*Eliezer et Rebecca*  
Musée du Louvre, Paris

LOUIS LE NAIN  
*Paysans*, California  
Palace of the Legion of  
Honor, San Francisco



characteristic of French painting of the period. The story is told through the use of gestures, which were considered an essential element of seventeenth century French painting, as well as through the use of facial expressions and of body movements. Here the grieving of the mourners for the dead Tabitha is shown changing to hopeful anticipation among the figures at the foot of the bed as they see Saint Peter, who raises his

hand ready to perform the miracle of restoring life. This complicated method of narration is thoroughly characteristic of painting in this period; thoughtful consideration of each gesture and of each detail was expected of the viewers as an essential part of experiencing the picture.

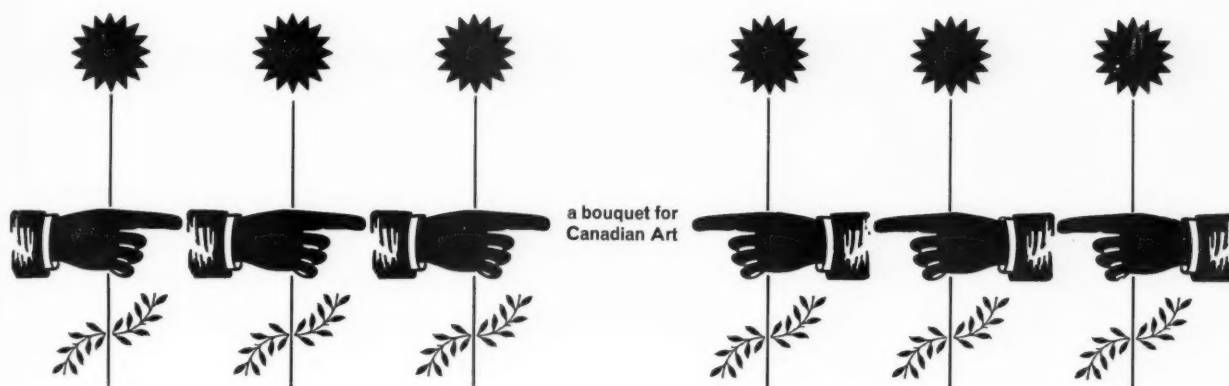
Again and again in this exhibition, the excitement of a picture is going to be lost unless it is carefully studied, because allegory and the grand manner which were favoured by an aristocratic society are so far removed from the social attitudes and ideals of our bourgeois epoch. Changes of attitude are a feeble excuse indeed for missing such things as Largillière's delightful and here properly histrionic skill in depicting a famous operatic star in one of her most distinguished roles.

Placing an artist already popular in his own right in a methodical study of his period will often force us to reconsider and reappraise his work. Thus, while the haunting expressions of a group of Le Nain peasants, each existing independently in an ambiguous space, may delight contemporary surrealist taste, seeing the pictures in this exhibition will help us realize how unusual the artist was for the French art world of his time with his realistic treatment of humble peasants, which was probably inspired by contemporary Dutch painting.

Contrasting works at various points in the period chosen for this exhibition will stimulate realization of what totally different attitudes and treatments could create equally splendid masterpieces. One may, before approaching this exhibition, favour more, say, a Poussin of 1648 than a Boucher of about a century later, or vice versa; but when each is seen in its context the brilliance of each realization is impressively evident. By comparing such factors as the methods of composition, the suggestion of space, the manner of colour, or the nature of the brushwork in these two pictures or in any others of the exhibition, the stylistic elements of each phase of this period become clearer. The Héritage de France should prove a stimulating experience for each Canadian fortunate enough to see it. Whether the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with a fascinating period which had great influence on the development of our own civilization will be more important, or whether a greater tolerance for and interest in a wider range of subjects and attitudes resulting from the brilliance of the best works in the exhibition will be the more significant element of the experience each viewer must decide for himself. In any case, we are indeed fortunate in having the challenge of this remarkable collection.

\*Montreal Museum of Fine Arts: 6 Oct. to 5 Nov. 1961  
Le Musée de la Province, Quebec: 16 Nov. to 16 Dec. 1961  
The National Gallery of Canada: 4 Jan. to 4 Feb. 1962  
The Art Gallery of Toronto: 16 Feb. to 16 Mar. 1962

'The magazine (Canadian Art) has been transformed into a publication in which Canada may take pride, for it can now hold its own with similar publications anywhere in the world' THE CANADA COUNCIL FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT 1960-1961



The typographic composition, page makeup and production supervision of Canadian Art are the work of the type craftsmen at COOPER & BEATTY, LIMITED, TORONTO and MONTREAL

---

## *Montreal Museum of Fine Arts* FOUNDED 1860

### EXHIBITIONS

*Héritage de France* OCT. 6 – NOV. 5

*Royal Canadian Academy of Arts* NOV. 11 – DEC. 10

*Permanent Collection*

1379 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST MONTREAL, P.Q.

---

# ROBERT PILOT

with Lawrence Sabbath



**QUESTION:** Do you have any special working approach to your painting?

**PILOT:** As a landscape painter I am aware that there are two schools – one sketches outdoors and works them up in the studio and the other is like the impressionists who work outdoors, *en plein air*, right on the canvas. I paint this latter way because I feel I get more the impression of a sketch on the canvas rather than doing it indoors from studies.

**Q:** Do you complete it right on the spot?

**P:** Some of the canvases take seven or eight trips to the same place and then you're up against the weather, you have to pick the same time of the day, the colouring and such. And it's rather hazardous in the sense that you're sort of at the mercy of the elements.

**Q:** What about the materials you use?

**P:** I use a very simple palette, a proven one, there is no great trick, it is very simple. I like to build my painting, it's something like masonry, because I feel that is the inherent quality of oil paint, much rather than the thin wash. I am

mistake the word grey, they think that it's a sort of dull colour, but the greys I speak of are blue, brown and pearly greys, very filled with colour in spite of being grey.

**Q:** What about your palette?

**P:** It has about six colours, the earth and two blue, cobalt and aquamarine, and that's about all.

**Q:** What do you look for in the subject you choose?

**P:** The subject of a landscape has to be looked for in a very special way because you're searching for the character of a particular spot and so I feel one should live in the country for some time before tackling the subject and so get it well in one's head, what you want to do, how to interpret it and bring out the inherent quality and character of that particular spot.

**Q:** How would you describe your style?

**P:** I would think it might be called realistic. I try to paint the thing as faithfully as I can and the great difference there is to avoid being photographic. If one can do this you have solved

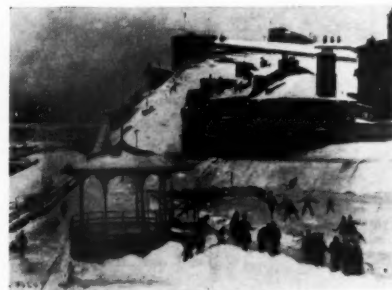
Every artist becomes, in time, identified with a milieu that he has found sympathetic to his nature. And since nature imitates art, the forests and totem poles of British Columbia will always and forever resemble Emily Carr. In the same way Quebec City and its environs, more particularly the 'lower town,' the waterfront that faces up to the Plains of Abraham, the buildings that rise up to the Château, these have become inextricably identified with Robert Pilot. They exist, as it were, only through his eyes and live only on his canvas.

His art has not changed greatly over the years. The Montreal scene has occupied him only occasionally by choice, more often by commission, as when the Arts Club asked for a gift to present to Winston Churchill on his 88th birthday, and he painted *The Terrace Quebec – Twilight*, or when the University Club of Montreal recently requested and he did *View of the Arts Building* – McGill.

The interview was held in his Montreal studio, a very large room with more than enough working space and an abundance of light. It is a quiet retreat, hidden from city noise, away from his home, and the whole atmosphere, reserved yet friendly, reflects the deliberate selection of the artist and the personality of a lifetime of creation.



*Winter in Quebec, 1948*



*The Skating Rink, Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, 1948*

very prodigal in my materials, I buy the best available. Cullen used to prepare his own canvases and I have done that, but now I use finished canvas and find it one more chore less to do.

**Q:** What about your colour?

**P:** People mistake colours for colour. The colour you buy in tubes or see on buildings is local colour. The painter's colour is a mixture and it is the ambience of the air which modifies all the colours and the correlated colours affect each other. Grey has always been the primary colour in painting but, a curious thing, people

one of the biggest difficulties there is in the whole scheme of painting and that's what I try to struggle for. The only thing you have is to do something your own.

**Q:** Back in 1928 you said in an interview that you preferred the Gothic rather than the Greek, that you were classic in thought and that you believed in fidelity to nature.

**P:** Yes, but you see the word Gothic that I used, I was thinking of the sculpture in the cathedrals in France, and the whole thing that strikes me about them is the absolutely personal



characterization that is brought out and nothing is prettied up, they're rugged and they are completely an interpretation of the characters that they try to interpret.

**Q:** Do you think that fantasy is essential in art, although fantasy and distortion for its own sake has no part in your paintings?

**P:** I would perhaps think that is so. I will distort if I feel it's going to improve the painting and I have a great respect for people who paint in that way, with the end in view of bringing out a greater truth by distortion which is a very legitimate approach to a painting.

**Q:** How have you managed to achieve a harmonious balance between the solid objects in your canvases and the atmosphere that surrounds them?

**P:** Of course that is the biggest problem in landscape painting, knowing that all objects are solid and yet they are wrapped in an atmosphere or an ambience and how far are you going to break down the solid that we know is there and still have it representational enough to give that feeling and the atmosphere that wraps it around. To solve that problem is difficult and it takes experience more than anything and then putting it down as you imagine rather than see it. You have to hold a compact, large scene always in mind.

**Q:** Is it true that at one time you deliberately avoided painting snow scenes?

**P:** Well, having had the great advantage of being the stepson of Maurice Cullen, at one period of my life I was classed as just a follower or a minor Cullen, and at that point I said that I would not do any snow scenes. I gave up snow painting for several years and then suddenly

take years for me to work out my own idea.

**Q:** Do you think there is a return to representational painting?

**P:** Yes, I think so, and I also feel that it has been enriched by abstractionism.

**Q:** Do you plan any new projects?

**P:** I have been working for some time to make a record of the city of Quebec, more the city scenes rather than in the hinterlands of the province, to work in the city the same as in Montreal and try to get down on canvas a record of a very fast-changing architectural legacy that we have in the country.

**Q:** Will you do a record of the people as well?

**P:** If you do city scenes it's inevitable that figures come in and I like doing them very much. They are more or less included in the canvas but still a very important part of it in order to give scale and to give the poetic quality of the people. You may remember the remark by John Piper that the curse of English painting is their literature and only Hogarth and Constable got away from this by pure painting.

**Q:** Have you done much portraiture?

**P:** Naturally every painter works at the figure. I did a few and only a little when I was young. It's a very specialized thing, you need a caricaturist's skill and you require a particular gift for that. The portrait painter is one who can bring out the essential character of the sitter.

**Q:** Have you not also painted the Maritime scene?

**P:** Yes, but I always come back to Quebec. I must have made sixty sketching trips down there and each time it seems to be the most paintable city. It seems to have a spell over me which is brought out by the history embraced in the city itself and also the remains of the very fine architecture and the beauty of the site itself. It's a political city. It and Paris are the two cities of the world I like the best.

**Q:** Have you done any murals?

**P:** Yes, I have done two for a high school in Montreal, as well as for the Mountain Chalet, and also for the Shawinigan Building. I have also done illustrations for a book called *The Storied Streets of Quebec*.

**Q:** In what direction do you think Canadian art is moving?

**P:** It's on a very good road. The exhibitions, firmly judged, lead to better standards of painting and painters send more important works rather than just anything. The trend to abstraction is still strong but I think it's being superseded by a return to realism. In France we see little stirrings and the moment a movement becomes completely popular I always feel that is the time the change is taking place and we will have a return, I am sure, to a discipline of drawing which is to a great extent lost today. Once that discipline and fine colour come in again there is no doubt that there will be a new school which is probably already on the horizon even if we don't yet see it.

**Q:** Do you think this will create more public interest in art?

**P:** Very definitely. Any new school that comes up creates new interest. First of all it's

taken up with a great deal of misunderstanding and then it's the forward-looking painters who foster the new school that comes along and they are the ones who put the stamp of authenticity on that school.

**Q:** What steps would you like to see taken to create more interest in Canada in art?

**P:** In the Royal Canadian Academy, of course, the object is to gather together the best painters in the country, and we have a completely open mind as to the artist's style, whether it is abstract or realistic. It's only whether the painting is good or not good that matters to our exhibitions.

**Q:** Do you think more public interest can be created by, for example, more federal grants and scholarships?

**P:** The government actually is doing a good job of it now. You have to champion the young groups and criticize only bad art. It's the King Canute idea of holding back the waves.

**Q:** Do you think this will help to bring the artist and society closer together?

**P:** I don't think that unless you went back to the old days of the Renaissance and to the cities of Florence and Siena that you have a general interest in painting such as there is today. The mere fact of amateur painters in every city in the world proves that there is a liking for painting and a wish to record what they see and therefore it seems to me to be a part of the human build-up, the love of pictures.

**Q:** Do you see the artist today as no longer an isolated being but an active member of society?

**P:** Oh, very definitely. Of course the bohemian today does not exist, that is, the person who has no money and still has a good time.

**Q:** And probably has even less art?

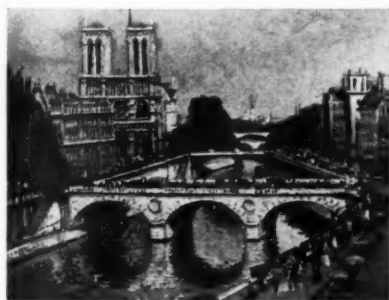
**P:** Well, the good painters are serious, and then too, they play serious.

**Q:** Where did you receive your early art training?

**P:** I was born in Newfoundland in 1898 and I suppose that I was one of the fortunate artists in that my stepfather was a famous painter here in Montreal and I grew up in the environment of a studio and learned the techniques of painting and drawing from him. I also studied at the old Art Association under William Brymner and at night schools at the Monument Nationale. I had very little money, I was at the crossroads and Brymner said I should come to the school and could pay later. I started there in 1915, enlisted in 1916 and was overseas three years. Then I came back to the Art Association, I won the Wood Scholarship in 1919 and went to Paris for three years. In 1927 I spent four months in Spain and Morocco.

**Q:** Did you find that your painting took on a new direction when you returned to Canada?

**P:** I would think very definitely. You can't go overseas and study without picking up something. I had the definite idea of what I wished to do and that was to interpret the Canadian scene, particularly the Province of Quebec and, more especially, the city and environs of Quebec.



*Sunglow, Paris, 1957*  
Collection: Norman Dawes, Esq.

realized at least five months of our landscape year is snow and I thought how rather foolish it was to give it up and I went back to snow painting.

**Q:** You have worked in etchings, water colour and oils. Is there any medium you favour?

**P:** I favour only one, oil painting. I like it for the quality it gives, the sort of solid masonry of the craft, and I like its feel and look.

**Q:** Have you ever done abstract painting?

**P:** I would be false to myself if I did. I would think of Picasso and Braque and that it would

# COAST TO COAST IN ART

## TORONTO – HAMILTON

At least three significant things have happened this season since the annual love-feast of the O.S.A. at the Art Gallery of Toronto: the opening of the new Isaacs Gallery, the best art show yet at Stratford, and a little triumph for London, Ontario.

Three of the four awards at the O.S.A. this year went to artists from London – Tony Urquhart, Marion Greenstone, and Hugh Mackenzie. There has been for some time an active group of painters at London, given continuous encouragement and support from the Gallery director, Clare Bice, and last year Tony Urquhart arrived as resident artist at the University of Western Ontario. Tony Urquhart's Baxter award-winning *Falling Object* emphasized a continuing preoccupation in his work to create the condition of becoming or transition from one physical or emotional state to another. The sense of movement in his work derives not at all from the composition of his paintings which are normally serene almost to the point of stasis, but from his ability to convey the ambiguity of states of being. He manages to suggest the mystery, the enigma at the heart of nature.

Marion Greenstone of London is a New Yorker who studied in Rome (her style resembles Afro). Her *Compositions*, one of which won a Baxter award, were seen also at the Art Gallery of Toronto's Four Canadians show this spring. They have a serene metaphysical quality, which sometimes flairs into passionate perception. The most unusual of the three London painters



HUGH MACKENZIE. *Two Women with the Sheet*  
The Art Gallery of Toronto

is Hugh Mackenzie one of the few Canadians who works well in the naturalistic medium. Perhaps his work can best be described by saying that he admires Piero della Francesca and Ben Shahn and studied with Alex Colville. In his *Two Women with the Sheet*, he demonstrates an elegant sense of design, a mastery of his craft, and an ability to penetrate to essentials. The opening of the new quarters of the Isaacs Gallery the night before the Canadian Conference of the Arts was to my mind a more

tangible way of 'measuring Canada's cultural maturity' than the three day talk-fest at the O'Keefe Centre. On Yonge Street, only a few blocks south of the spot where Mackenzie and his rebels fought against the old Establishment, the new gallery asserts an independence of the new. As elegant as any New York Gallery and larger than most, the new Isaacs *ménage* provides more than ample wall space for as headstrong and uncompromising a stable of artists as has been assembled in Canada.

The opening exhibition included a number of the best paintings sold by Isaacs in seven years of operation, all major works of impressive quality. One wonders what the fate of artists of the calibre of Coughtry, Snow and Rayner might have been without the shrewd head and even shrewder eye of Avrom Isaacs. Robert Hedrick's *Sea Forest*, seen at the opening, was also the best single painting in the Art Gallery of Toronto's Four Canadians show.

The new Isaacs Gallery underlines the fact that it is the commercial galleries where the excitement is to be found in Toronto, hardly at the public gallery. The reverse seems to be true in Montreal. The real star of the show of Twenty-Five Quebec artists at Stratford this summer was Evan Turner, the director of the Montreal Museum, who organized it and selected the paintings. Turner was impressed by the lack of communication he found in Montreal between the English and French-speaking artists, and determined to present an exhibition in which



MARCELLE MALTAIS. *Schisme*  
Stratford Festival

they were seen together simply as Quebec painters. However arbitrary the use of a provincial border may be to define the domain of art, the show is one of immense interest not only because of its inclusiveness (from the dean of the English-speaking realist tradition, John Lyman, to a very young and very fine French-speaking abstract artist, Marcelle Maltais) but because almost every picture was of a remarkably high quality.

Only in Montreal has Canada had any counter-

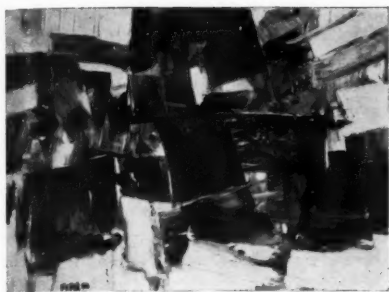
part of the Ash Can School which flourished in New York in the twenties and thirties. Philip Surrey is the ablest living Canadian painter in this particular urban tradition, and his neon-lit world of parks and people are well represented in this exhibition. The work of Ghitta Caiserman partly stems from this tradition though it goes much beyond it. Her *Me and The Girls* is Caiserman at her best – the bland mindless pink and white sensuality of the models contrasts with the probing scrutiny of the dark self-portrait in the corner.

John Fox is reminiscent of an even older Montreal tradition. His use of flat blocks of rich sensuous colour recall J. W. Morrice. Jacques de Tonnancour, the artist who seems most successfully to have bridged the gap between French and English in Montreal, has left behind him the



JACQUES DE TONNANCOUR. *Landscape*  
Stratford Festival

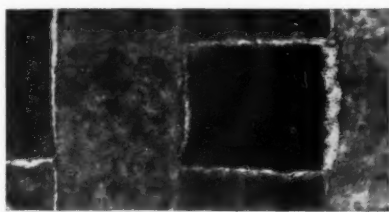
simple calligraphic pinetree landscapes and has advanced to a more highly abstracted and more effective style. His *Landscape*, composed simply of paint applied in horizontal strokes of monochromatic inky blues, manages to convey remarkable distance and space and infinite delicacy of detail. This is the finest work of his I have seen and fulfils the promise of his masterly craftsmanship and uncompromising sensibility. On the whole, the French Canadians showed almost exclusively abstract and non-objective work. Riopelle set the pace. Say the worst you can about Riopelle, that he is successful, facile, gone École de Paris – he is still a great painter. His *Enchanted Forest* made me want to feel it, eat it, smell it, listen to it, get inside it, know it, and – if I had \$4800 handy – buy it. Marcelle Ferron and Rita Letendre are both strong feminine painters who express themselves in totally opposite ways. Ferron, with bold economy, sets up dynamic relationships which resolve themselves fluently, almost lyrically. Letendre's work seems to have emerged from a witch's cauldron, all redolent with powerful images and turbulent paint. But no tension



MARCELLE FERRON. *Le signal dorset*  
Stratford Festival

is set up; areas of the paintings lie inert, interesting in themselves but eternally frustrated in their need to meet and react. But Letendre's work has none of the easiness of Beaulieu's seductive abstracts or Gendron's rather gutless compositions.

The most interesting and exciting of the young-



JEAN MCEWEN. *Cellule noir*. Gallery Moos

er Montreal artists is Jean McEwen who was introduced to Toronto this spring in a one-man show at the Moos Gallery. His work seems to combine the best qualities of the cool geometry of Guido Molinari and the rich sensuousness of Riopelle. All his painting seems to be based on a discussion of the nature of the square or rectangle. He seems engaged in an almost mathematical search for the quintessence of squareness. His paintings are set up like equations, not rigidly or concerned solely with optical problems as in Molinari's, but as beautifully as music illustrates mathematical truths. Added to this is an incredible sensuality of texture as layer after layer of paint is applied, creating a surface in which colour itself seems to take on a new dimension. His work at the Moos Gallery was more recent than the two pieces at Stratford, and displayed an almost Byzantine richness of colour.

Pellan's newest things seem to indicate that he is mixed up with a sandpile and a cake icer. Some of his paintings are mounded with sand, others criss-crossed with many straight and circular lines at every juncture of which a small pointed dab of what looks like icing sugar. It has all the ingenuity of a wonderful old peasant let loose with giant playthings. Pellan, with a one-man show at Roberts and with a retrospective exhibition doing the official rounds was

probably the most exhibited artist in Ontario this spring.

This annual show at Stratford provides the most consistent exposure of Canadian painting to a large number of Americans. Although the art exhibition receives minor billing among the Stratford attractions, Evan Turner made excellent use of his opportunity to present the artists of Quebec in the best possible light. It made Stratford a trip worth taking even without Shakespeare.

Another enjoyable summer excursion is to the village of Jordan where, amidst the extravagantly lush vineyards and peach orchards of the Niagara Peninsula, can be found a museum which has been called the best little museum in North America. I for one am not inclined to dispute this claim. The artefacts of southern Ontario, displayed in a red brick eighteenth century house, a log house and stone school, have no intrinsic interest apart from that which all primitive handmade tools and fabrics possess. But they are displayed with taste and charm and intelligence by Ruth Home of the Royal Ontario Museum staff, and backed lovingly and generously by Phillip Torno and Jordan Wines.

Oh yes, how could I forget. The Art Gallery of Toronto early this summer was crammed with two 'important' sculpture shows - that of the Sculpture Society of Canada, and the Women's Committee display of outdoor sculpture. The former was a sinister graveyard of tormented shapes and second-hand styles. The latter certainly gets A for effort and for Gerald Gladstone's welded metal fountain. The s.s.c. show, realizing that a bit of greenery always helps sculpture along, was decorated with three spiky sansifaria set in tin-foil pie-plates. The Women's Committee show abounded in painted backdrops, artificial flowers blooming madly everywhere and tricky coloured-gravel display à la Mondrian. What good sculpture there was in the show was automatically reduced to the level of department store merchandise.

The most effectively displayed piece of sculpture this season was Vaillancourt's War Memorial from Chicoutimi at the Canadian Conference of the Arts. Perched at the Yonge Street corner of the O'Keefe Centre, it turned its grisly anti-aircraft barrel into the bustling Toronto traffic, at once a reminder, a threat and a benediction.

ELIZABETH KILBOURN

## MONTREAL

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the word 'art' and the terms of reference in which it is often so casually used needs defining, not only for the public, the gallery owner and the critic, but for the artist himself.

If art has as many meanings as it has practitioners then it is understandable that the interpretations of the many levels of quality on which it exists should be cause for violent dispute, but we are entitled to assume that an object which

claims to be a work of art should possess a certain visual and mental standard. An artistic median or norm of taste has to be accepted if chaos is to be avoided. Only in this way can we say if a canvas is basically good or bad and continue our critical appraisal from there.

What prompted me to the expression of this simple observation was a display of oils at the El Greco Art Galleries by Yannice Yallourakis. These large canvases resemble, briefly, a poor man's Dali in neon lights at prices up to one thousand dollars. I don't agree with the tenet held by some individuals that because something is thoroughly bad it has a certain integrity. What meaning does 'art' have in such a context? I am sure it's not even a misconstrued one. It's more probably just non-existent, like the Emperor's new clothes.

Looking back on a few of the poorer shows this season I am struck by the fact that these have all been imports. If exhibits by Canadian artists have been of many grades of quality at least none of them could be labelled spurious. The conception by some European artists and dealers of the state of art in Canada must be low indeed. The quarters of the Hélène de Champlain Restaurant on St Helen's Island was the setting in May for the International Etching Guild's exhibition of etchings by contemporary masters and was sponsored by the always generous Montreal Parks Department. 'Dreadful' is a kindly description. Even the examples of Leger, Dufy and others suggest that their school portfolios were ransacked in order to have something on view. A director accompanying this touring show told me that the purpose, aside from sales, was to acquaint America 'with the best artists and to assure etching the position it deserves.' Heaven deliver us from this type of European 'culturizing.'

And now to happier things, to a display at Galerie Agnes Lefort of original graphics by Europeans and Canadians that, as a group, comprised the best show of its kind in a long while. Some of the examples were absolutely eye-opening for richness of colour tonalities and accuracy of detail. Rouault, Fiorini, an incredibly good Daumier water colour and a Leger *Woman* engraved in 1928 by Jacques Villon with superb skill. A Picasso lithograph bore an impression figure of 1808/2000, a terrifying thought. Albert Dumouchel stood up well in the group, as did two quite remarkable Yves Faucher embossed etchings that were in actual high relief. Earlier at the same gallery, paintings by a French-born, now action-school-of-New York, Yvonne Thomas. She seems concerned mainly with the problem of imbalance of large masses that result in a cross between Hoffmann and Rothko. Romualdas Bukauskas, a young Lithuanian-born Montrealer, knows his craft and uses colour in dramatic formations. His architectural outlines suggest an ability to work with metal wire. By coincidence, a fascinating contrast occurred at the Waddington Galleries when for a few days one section showed the *gonaches* of Iris Ballon and the other the oils of 67-year old Yoshio Aoyama. The interesting textural effects





IRIS BALLON. *Head*. Gouache  
Waddington Galleries Inc.

obtained by Ballon with her girls' heads, birds and stone-age fish, and their originality and exuberance pointed up the effete nature of the Japanese artist who was a friend of Matisse and others. In their way these Aoyama canvases tell the story of an Easterner unable to digest the rich flowery expression that marked the Paris of that period. Shades only of Renoir and Bonnard to which he has not added any hint of the powerful traditions of his own country.



R. V. ROSEWARNE. *Midas*. Relief Print  
Gallery 1640

Gallery 1640 continued its series of contemporary graphics, to which has been added one-man shows; the first was Robert Rosewarne of Ottawa. Mostly linoleum on cardboard, a few of these small pieces manage to break the nar-

row confines of the medium. They create the right illusion and the warm shades of colour contribute to the sense of depth and the impression of an image tightly caught.

Suzanne Meloche had a large showing at Galerie Denyse Delrue. It is hard not to see Kline in these forceful black and whites. She has added touches of colour which, like his first attempts, dull the impact of the black. More effective were the gouaches on paper where the edges run a bit and the greying effect lends vitality to the shapes. As usual everything she does exudes an agreeable confidence in her metier. In one of the year's most distinguished exhibitions the new canvases of Jacques de Tonnancour exhibited the distinction and elegance that have always been an integral part of his best work. All these landscapes, some dark like *Flanc de montagne* or small like *Long nuage sur la plaine*, have been done with a squeegee. They capture with accuracy and uncanny ease the luminous atmosphere of sky, tree and forest. The eye is seduced into these landscapes with an eerie sense of distance. If the effects are magical they are also genuine and in the true tradition of significant art.

At the Stable Gallery two shows put on by JAMM - 14 young Quebec City painters, some exhibiting in Montreal for the first time, that reveal the bustling activity of the modern art look in this old place. Theatre, an Art of Illusion was an intimate backstage view of the production elements of theatre.

Sybil Kennedy, A.R.C.A.  
*Girl Reading*  
Bronze. 28 3/4" high



John Lyman, F.R.S.A.  
*Yacht Harbour, Castries*  
18" x 24"



Manó-Katz  
*L'Ecole*  
25" x 30"

# DOMINION GALLERY

CANADA'S LARGEST SELECTION OF FINE PAINTINGS

1438 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, MONTREAL

Gallery 12 was relatively quiet. Only one joint exhibit of Jack Beder with street, flower and forest scenes, and Mary Filer, now of England, busy as ever but with a point of view in these clouded Albright-looking, tortured heads that seems lost in unclear, hesitant strivings.

A broad variety of shows at Galerie Libre; a two-man exhibition of Clement Picard in oils, and Stanley Rozynski in doughnut-shaped sculptures that seem inspired by Roussil, also lead and terra-cotta figures, all small in spirit and design. A new series of large stone prints by Stanley Lewis plus a few pieces of sculpture in stone. The accent is on design and at this stage he must be seen as being more concerned with innovation of form than with profound statement. Jordi Bonet works on the grand scale, he accepts and meets the challenge of size in his very large mural pieces. The designs flow boldly and cleverly over the ceramic surfaces of the dishes and jars. However the jars both in shape and hue tend to be heavy to the eye. An example of his striking visual quality is *Nature morte*, a round dish with a satyr's head in a vivid mixture of blues and blacks.

It was a big season for ceramics that began with a small annual exhibition by the 14-year old Montreal Potters Club. The choice pieces were by established members, Eileen Reid, Jean Withey, Beth Joudry, Grace Pickering, J. E. Ramza, Rachel Smart, Hermine Thau, and a most skilful newcomer, Miss M. Zadak. Many of these names were also represented in

the 194-piece, Fourth Biennial Sculpture, Pottery and Enamel Show, Canadian Ceramics 1961. Well displayed at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, it was the most progressive and exciting grouping that I can recall. Breaking the form, reworking old ideas with a fresh eye, attacking difficult pottery problems with vigour and imagination, ceramists across Canada appear to have finally decided that a pot is only a name and the shape can be whatever pleases the eye and hand.

The national jury selected well from the 505 entrants and some of the stone and earthenware pieces were clearly international in quality - Jean Withey's porcelain wine set, Walter Drohan's double-walled planter and small hanging bottle, the warm sensuous colours of Denyse Beauchemin's faience vases, Bailey Leslie's punch bowl, Dorothy Midanik's vase with its masculine thrust of spike forms, L. F. Osborne's covered jar, Rose Truchnovsky's beautiful peach underglaze vase. As for the top prize piece, a stoneware floor vase by Dorothy Midanik, it had an experimental look, uncomfortable and hybrid.

Montreal's tenth Advertising and Editorial Art Show by the Art Directors' Club of Montreal was smaller and less impressive than last year. The ads of E. B. Eddy were still by far the best. Their series, *Man, Paper and the Course of History*, made use of vivid colours. The ideas were topical, the visual appeal was instant and pronounced. The Max Sauer group photography

WADDINGTON GALLERIES  
MONTREAL

## YEATS

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

24 OCTOBER - 11 NOVEMBER

1456 SHERBROOKE ST WEST

## EXHIBITION

3-18 OCTOBER 1961

Acquisitions for Public Collections  
can be arranged by appointment prior to  
opening date



VILLAGE, CHARLEVOIX CO. 1933

RANDOLPH S. HEWTON R.C.A.

1888-1960

Catalogue with introduction by Dr A.Y. Jackson  
will be sent on request

WALTER KLINKHOFF GALLERY

1200 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST

MONTREAL

award to Basil Zarov was notable for one of the finest shots of many years – an acting troupe in costume in front of Percé Rock. And Arnaud Maggs, attending to all parts of his business, showed subtlety and sparkle in his thin paper circulars. The effect of the format of the exhibition generally, though, was one of disappointment and indifference.

The most attractive exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts was 30 paintings with flowers as their theme, most of them from private collectors. Renoir, Fantin-Latour, Dufy, Vlaminck, plus some astonishingly good ones by Cosgrove, Pellan, Tonnancour, Roberts and Paul Beaulieu that are fairly at home with the others. The next large show brought forth some remarkable works that must have surprised many people – Doctors and Art, a loan show of 160 works from the homes of 49 doctors. Organized by Dr Sean B. Murphy and Dr Paul Dumas, it revealed catholicity of taste and the fact that Canadian artists have been collected as avidly as the French Impressionists and contemporary English. A unique and deserved closing to the Museum's busiest season in history.

LAWRENCE SABBATH

## THE MARITIMES

### The Lord Beaverbrook Art Gallery

The Lord Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton is holding two special exhibitions.

On July 1, the Lady Dunn International Exhibition of Amateur Art was opened, and it will remain on display till September 1. Two hundred and five paintings were selected for hanging from more than five hundred entries. Of these, 110 were by Canadians and 91 were by British artists. France, China and the United States were also represented. The prizes, too, were nicely divided between Canada and England. The \$1,000 first prize, donated by Lady Dunn was won by *Leaves and Moths*, an oil painting by Mrs F. DeVletter of Lively, Ontario. In second place was *Flemish Sunday*, by Philippa Webb of London, England. *The Upper Pool* by L. G. W. Sealey of Warren Hills, Leicester, England, won third place and fourth prize went to J. G. Wyers of Windhorst, Saskatchewan, for his *Home in Holland*. For these, prizes of \$500, \$300 and \$200 respectively were donated by the Gallery. The panel of selection, which consisted of Lady Dunn; Olympia Kedros, St Andrews; Mrs Howard Pillow, Montreal; Michael Wardell and Professor Cooke, Fredericton, showed a preference for naïve painters when they chose the prize winners, but the crowds of gallery visitors may choose their favourites from many other styles of painting. With the present dominant fashion for non-objective painting, this show is perhaps noteworthy for the variety of styles and techniques which are represented.

Lady Dunn has made a statement to the effect that she has been encouraged to plan a sequel –

a similar show for professional artists in about a year's time. The prize money is to be a considerable sum in an attempt to attract the best painters throughout the world. This has the potential of being an international exhibition of major importance.

On Labour Day, one of the largest Kriehoff exhibitions yet assembled will open at the Gallery. Paintings are being borrowed from galleries and private collections and it is expected there will be more than one hundred and ten pictures. At the same time in the upper rooms there will be a rehanging and arranging of the pictures in the permanent collection and major recent accessions.

MARY E. PACEY

## QUEBEC

Among the nine Canadian artists under thirty-five selected by the National Gallery to represent Canada at the Second International Biennial of Paris, six are from the province of Quebec. Charles Gagnon, Pierre Gendron, Guido Molinari, all from Montreal and Claude Picher, from Quebec City will each be represented by one painting while Yves Gaucher and Richard Lacroix from Montreal will exhibit an engraving and a book illustrated with lithographs. This is the first time that Canada has been invited to take part in this important international



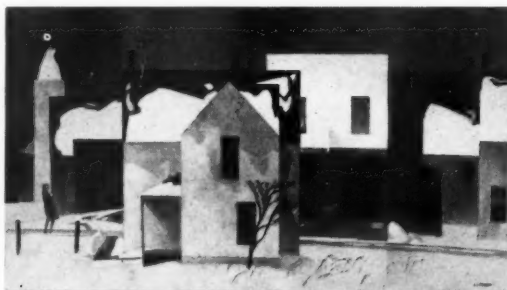
1



2



3



4



5



6

1. Goodridge Roberts 36 x 48
  2. Alfred Pellan 14 x 22
  3. Bruno Bobak 32 x 48
  4. A. J. Casson 20 x 36
  5. York Wilson 60 x 40
  6. Jean-Paul Lemieux 40 x 21
- and other outstanding Canadian Painters including:  
Peter Haworth, Bobs Haworth,

Molly Bobak, Jock Macdonald,  
F. H. Varley, Marthe Rakine,  
Grant Macdonald, A. J. Franck,  
Edmund Alley, Claude Picher,  
Suzanne Bergeron, Wm. Roberts,  
Frank Palmer, Wm. Winter,  
Alan Collier, Paraskeva Clark  
and sculpture by E. B. Cox,  
Hans Schlee and Sarah Jackson

## ROBERTS GALLERY

### NEW LOCATION

641 YONGE STREET



exhibition which will take place at the Musée d'Art Moderne of Paris from 29 September until 5 November 1961.

Early in July, Roland Truchon died in an automobile accident, and his wife was severely injured. Born at La Malbaie, Charlevoix county in 1920, Truchon was an active painter who belonged to the tradition of abstract-surrealism. For several years he worked in Quebec City. There he was influenced by Pellon. Later he moved to Montreal where he worked as a graphic artist for the CBC - TV. When he was in Montreal, Truchon was most interested in photography and used to take colour slides of butterflies and flowers. Starting from enlarged details of these, he would then achieve very interesting and highly poetic paintings in various media. Truchon will be remembered by all those who knew him as a man and as an artist. Françoise Bujold, poet and graphic artist from Bonaventure and Claude Girard, painter from Quebec City were recently awarded by the Ministry of Youth and Welfare for the Province of Quebec a scholarship of \$2,000 for further study in their respective fields. Scholarships for artistic studies are expected to be more numerous and generous when the new Ministry of Cultural Affairs is fully organized.

CLAUDE FICHER

interested in prints?

see page 325

'Contemporary Canadian Art'

## BLUE BARN GALLERY

Box 197, Bell's Corners  
Ottawa, Canada  
TA. 8-3301

## Galerie AGNES LEFORT

1504 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal

Modern Painting ALLEYN  
Graphics BELLEFLEUR  
Sculpture BERGERON  
BOWLES  
BRAITSTEIN  
BRUSSET  
CHARBONNEAU  
DEROUIN  
DUMOUCHEL  
FERRON  
GENDRON  
GIGUÈRE  
LANDORI  
LEWIS  
MALTAIS  
MATTE  
MAYRS  
McEWEN  
PETRY WARGIN  
RACKUS  
RIOPELLE  
STEINHOUSE  
VANIER  
VOYER etc.

## The Charm of St. James Street ...over a century ago

This casual pencil sketch, by the late Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A., depicts St. James Street, Montreal in the 1830's, viewed from the east. At the right is the original head office of the Bank of Montreal with its Doric portico - the first building especially constructed for a bank in Canada. It served its purpose well until 1848, when the Bank - just 30 years old - took occupation of its present "domed" building immediately to the east. On the site of the original office is a new building erected to take care of the expansion required in the Bank's head-office organization.



### BANK OF MONTREAL

*Canada's First Bank*



WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817



**FOUJITA**

**Continental Galleries**

**FINE PAINTINGS**

**1450 DRUMMOND STREET MONTREAL**

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY

ELGIN AT SLATER STREETS OTTAWA CANADA

## EXHIBITIONS 1961-1962

### 1961

Little Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting

Sept. 8 to Oct. 1

The Drawings of Joseph Stella

Sept. 6 to Oct. 1

Rabindranath Tagore Exhibition

Oct. 7 to Oct. 29

Bourdelle Sculpture

Oct. 5 to Oct. 29

Thirteen Polish Painters

Nov. 2 to Nov. 26

Massey Medals for Architecture 1961 Nov. 3 to Nov. 26

### 1962

Héritage de France

Jan. 5 to Feb. 4

Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour

Jan. 18 to Feb. 18

Modern European Paintings in Canadian Collections

Feb. 9 to Mar. 4

War Photographs of Robert Capa

Mar. 1 to Mar. 25

Borduas Retrospective

Mar. 9 to Apr. 1

Prints by Sickert, Vallotton and Signac

Apr. 2 to Apr. 23

Fifth International Hallmark Art Award

Apr. 13 to May 6

### HOURS OF OPENING

Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. — Tuesdays till 10 p.m.

Sundays and Holidays 2 to 6 p.m. — Admission Free

### EXHIBITIONS ORGANIZED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION IN CANADA 1961-1962

Seven East Coast Painters

Recent Accessions of Prints and Drawings

Portraits of Greatness. Photographs by Yousuf Karsh

A Not Always Reverent Journey

Massey Medals for Architecture 1961

Little Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting

Lithographs by Odilon Redon

The Fourth Biennial Exhibition of Canadian Art

Eighth Annual Young Contemporaries

Colour Prints by George Baxter 1804-1867

American Prints Today 1959

Recent British Sculpture

*This is your chance to own original works by Canada's leading artists – at reasonable prices!*

## CANADIAN ART PRINT CLUB

*In the print-making issue of Canadian Art (No. 72) Kathleen M. Fenwick, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the National Gallery wrote in part about Canadian print-makers that 'They are revitalizing the old basic methods, adding to them and experimenting with them in very personal ways. At home the best of these print-makers are enjoying the growing support of a more enlightened and enthusiastic public and abroad they are gaining international recognition.'*

### TO CANADIAN ART:

*Please send me further information about Canadian Art Print Club. I understand that if I become a member, I receive, free, a year's subscription to Canadian Art and that I am not obliged to buy any given number of prints during the year at your special prices. I also understand that if I am already a subscriber to Canadian Art, my subscription will be extended by six issues on joining.*

*Original prints in strictly limited editions – not reproductions, but signed original graphics specially commissioned from the artists themselves: serigraphs, lithographs, etchings, mixed media, etc. Editions generally limited to 50 copies or less. Prices range from \$15 to \$50 a print. Nine different editions will be released over the year. Members will be given sufficient advance notice to enable them to place their orders before each print is published. Orders will be filled as received until the edition is exhausted. (Editions will not be reprinted.) Prints remaining after publication will be offered for sale to non-members at increased prices. Club membership is \$10 a year and members are not obliged to purchase any given number of prints but will qualify for a specially commissioned bonus print with every three prints they buy. Members also receive, free, a complete year's subscription to Canadian Art. For further information (including full descriptions of the first subjects to be published) fill out the form below and return to us. An outstanding Christmas present. A special card will announce your gift.*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PROVINCE

### COAST TO COAST

#### Marion Doig

The many friends of Marion Doig have been deeply affected to learn of her untimely death at Brandon on June 8th. Her associates in art circles of Western Canada will greatly miss her cheerful presence, her enthusiasm and her willingness to assume responsibility.

Mrs Doig was the daughter of Mr and Mrs J. B. Hale, a well known Brandon family. She was educated at Brandon College and at the University of Manitoba. Before her marriage to D. Robert Doig, she taught at Regina College and at the Brandon Normal School. She travelled extensively and her interests ranged from family life to public welfare and the arts.

Endowed with resources of spirit and physical energy, Marion Doig generously expended herself in service to the community. One of her cherished projects was the establishment of an art centre in Brandon for the showing of good exhibitions and for lectures and classes in painting, weaving and pottery. She enlisted the support of a representative group of citizens and after much hard work, the Brandon Allied Arts Centre became a reality in the spring of 1960.

This centre will provide the kind of activities she herself enjoyed so much and will continue in Brandon as a living memorial to her name.

Marion Doig was an ardent patron of artists and over the years acquired a distinguished collection. Canadian artists represented in her collection include Cullen, Morrice, Gagnon, Varley, Thomson, Jackson, J. E. H. MacDonald, Brandtner, Lismer, Muhlstokk, Borduas and Joe Plaskett.

lection include Cullen, Morrice, Gagnon, Varley, Thomson, Jackson, J. E. H. MacDonald, Brandtner, Lismer, Muhlstokk, Borduas and Joe Plaskett.

N.M.

#### Award

A Canadian student has once again taken the top prize of a full year in residence, with room, board and tuition fully covered for that period, at the Instituto Allende in San Miguel Allende, Mexico. This is an art school which has had a remarkable influence on the work of the artists of western Canada.

Stephen Barrett, of Nelson, B.C., is the winner. He went to the Instituto Allende, on the advice of Ronald Spickett, one of the school's former Canadian award winners, only last March and since then has been working under James Pinto and Fred Samuelson. Barrett studied at the Nelson School of Fine Arts, the Alberta College of Art, and the Vancouver School of Fine Art.

Three other Canadians also received awards of a full year's tuition at the Institute. One of these is the present holder of the full scholarship; Kerry Walde of Penticton. The others are Raymond Kraft of Vancouver and Wayne Whillier of Calgary.

Stirling Dickinson, Director of the Instituto Allende, writes: 'The total of four winners out of nine awards is far out of proportion to the number of Canadian applicants as opposed to those from the United States, and speaks very highly for the quality of work being produced by young Canadian artists.'

### Modern Master Lithographs Etchings Woodcuts

Write for Catalogues



### The House of Prints

77 Bayview Street, Toronto 2, Ont.





## The Isaacs Gallery, 832 Yonge St., Toronto

Representing: Burton, Coughtry, Gorman, Hedrick, Kahane, Kurelek, Rayner, Ronald, J. Ivor Smith, Snow, Urquhart, Varvarande

### here & now ART GALLERY

142 CUMBERLAND STREET • TORONTO 5 • WALNUT 2-4465

#### CANADIAN ART FROM COAST TO COAST

PAINTINGS/SCULPTURE/DRAWINGS/GRAPHICS

- Maxwell Bates + Micheline Beauchemin
- Leon Bellefleur + Roloff Beny
- Ronald Bloore + Oscar Cahen
- Ulysses Comtois + Louis de Niverville
- Yosef Dreenters + Marion Greenstone
- John Gould + Gershon Iskowitz
- Barry Kernerman + Ronald King
- Rita Letendre + Alexandra Luke
- Frank Mayrs + Toni Onley
- Armand Vaillancourt + Tom Gibson

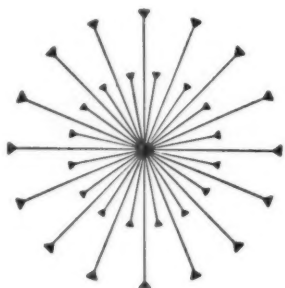
## THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO

317 DUNDAS STREET WEST  
EM. 3-3485

September 30 to October 22  
TORONTO COLLECTS

November 1 to November 19  
SALE OF CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN ART

November 3 to November 29  
NEW SPANISH PAINTING & SCULPTURE



## Robertson galleries Specialists in Canadian Fine Arts

44 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada

Exhibitions of contemporary Canadian painting and sculpture/Canadian and imported arts and crafts of distinction/Good design for contemporary decor/Custom framing/Restoration/Valuations

paintings • graphic art • ceramics • contemporary furnishings

## GALLERY 1640

### CONTEMPORARY GRAPHICS

MAXWELL BATES  
ALISTAIR BELL  
MOLLY BOBAK  
BRUNO BOBAK  
JAMES BOYD  
McCLEARY DROPE  
PIERRE GENDRON  
SARAH GERSOVITZ  
BRUCE HEAD  
TOM HODGSON  
FRAN JONES  
ANNE KAHANE  
TED KRAMOLC  
RICHARD LACROIX  
EVA LANDORI  
STANLEY LEWIS  
DENYS MATTE  
FRANK MIKUSKA  
GEORGE RACKUS  
ROBERT ROSEWARNE  
JOHN SNOW  
GORDON SMITH  
TONY TASCONA

1640 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST  
SUITE 6 MONTREAL, P.Q.

## Artists' Workshop

Classes in drawing,  
painting, sculpture and  
pottery

Basic and advanced groups

Special monthly arrange-  
ments for out-of-town  
students

623 SHERBOURNE ST. (Rear),  
TORONTO WA. 2-5922



### Appointment

William S. A. Dale has been appointed assistant director of the National Gallery of Canada. Dr Dale has had an already distinguished career in the field of fine arts. For the past two years he has served as director of the Vancouver Art Gallery. A former staff member of the National Gallery where he served from 1950 to 1957, latterly as research curator, he has also served as curator of the Art Gallery of Toronto (1957-1959).

A native of Toronto, Dr Dale is the son of the late Professor Ernest A. Dale, a former classical scholar in that city. Educated at the University of Toronto Schools and at Trinity College, he received his master of arts degree from the University of Toronto where he did postgraduate work in art history. He received his doctor of philosophy degree from Harvard University. Dr Dale also studied at the Courtauld Institute of the University of London, England, and was a fellow of the Dumbarton Oaks Research Library, Washington, D.C.

A specialist in the history of medieval art, Dr Dale has delivered lectures and written articles on a wide variety of subjects of European and Canadian art, including lectures on the history of art at Carleton University.

### Sao Paulo Biennial

Twenty-eight paintings by Canadian artists represent work currently being produced in Canada at the Sixth Sao Paulo Biennial, which opened this month at the Museum of Modern Art in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The works have been hung in a special room devoted to Canada's contribution to this great international showcase of contemporary works of art. The Canadian paintings were selected by the National Gallery of Canada to show what is being produced by artists from various centres across the country.

The artists whose work is being shown are Alex Colville, Sackville, N.B.; Marcelle Ferron, of Louiseville, Quebec, and now living in Paris; Harold Town, Toronto; Ronald Bloore, Regina; and Gordon Smith, Vancouver.

## KOOTENAY SCHOOL OF ART

NELSON, B.C.

Intermediate and Diploma Courses in  
Painting and Composition  
Graphic Art and Design  
Sculpture and Ceramics

Specializing in Applied Arts  
Pottery, Metalcraft, Glass and Textiles

Introducing the studio method of training  
where students work on commissioned  
projects

Registrations accepted now for session  
commencing 18 September 1961

Sponsored by Federal-Provincial  
Governments and administered by the  
Provincial Department of Education

For information apply to: Principal, Kootenay School of Art,  
Nelson, B.C.

**Books are in.** Canadian books are way in. We have this on the impeccable authority of a couple of thousand members of the Readers' Club of Canada. Of course, Club members are travellers on the royal road to the In Group. Just suppose you were a member . . . you'd have your choice of the best new Canadian books - Callaghan, Mowat, Pratt, Moore, Underhill, Gowans, to name a few names. You'd buy only the books you wanted and you'd save twenty percent or better on every purchase. You'd have a free subscription to a trim little monthly called *The Canadian Reader*, packed with book news and other intelligence. Makes nice supposing? But maybe you're already a member. If so, feel smug. If not, you'll want to know that our address is Box 507, Station F, Toronto 5, Ontario. Send us a postcard and we'll dazzle you with insider's information - including our staggeringly generous buck-a-book initiation offer.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR

FOR 1962

containing 28 colour reproductions of some of the outstanding eighteenth and nineteenth century Canadian paintings and sculptures in the national collection. Size 8" x 8"; spiral bound to lie flat; 28 reproductions; boxed; bilingual; Price: \$2.50

THE QUEEN'S PRINTER

OTTAWA/CANADA

I enclose \$ . Please send me copy(ies) of *The National Gallery Engagement Calendar 1962* at \$2.50 each copy

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

ARTISTS' MATERIALS  
WINSOR & NEWTON

STUDENTS' OILS & WATER COLORS

GRUMBACHER OIL COLORS &  
PASTELS

SHIVA OIL COLORS

TEMPERA & CASEIN COLORS

A Complete Line for the Artist!



1387 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST, MONTREAL  
VI. 2-4412 VI. 2-4413





## ART FORUM

Dear Sir,

Elizabeth Kilbourn's article in your last issue (*Collectors, Dealers and a Critic*, May/June 1961) indicates that she, like many other people in Toronto and area, has not been in the Pollock Gallery. She would not refer to it as 'an offbeat pad,' a designation which credits it with far less than it deserves, if she knew more about it and about the artists who are represented there.

I go there often, not because it's offbeat, but because I find the honesty and enthusiasm of the owner and his friends very refreshing after the mortuary pall which infests too many other galleries. If this gallery, as Mrs Kilbourn suggests, is being overtaken by 'success and respectability,' then it is because the calibre of the work shown there warrants exactly that. Since its inception I have known it to be nothing other than successful and respectable and therefore cannot see what your writer is carping about.

The last issue was a superb one and I eagerly await the arrival of the next. Do continue in this excellent fashion!

Yours truly,

DAVID P. SILCOX,  
Undergraduate Secretary,  
Hart House, University of Toronto

Dear Sir,

Should you have space and inclination in a future issue of *Canadian Art*, please say who Sam Black is and what he does besides advocate so impressively the place of art in the schools (see *Art in the Classroom* in the May/June issue).

Mr Black's page is undoubtedly the best in the magazine for me and I'm sure for other readers. Thank you for printing it and thanks to Mr Black for so telling a statement of conviction and faith.

Yours truly,  
ROWLAND HILL,  
National Film Board of Canada,  
Montreal

*Sam Black is an associate professor in the art department of the College of Education at the University of British Columbia. A native of Scotland and a graduate of the Glasgow School of Art, he taught art at a number of schools in the United Kingdom and was Principal Lecturer in Art at Jordanhill Training College in Glasgow before coming to Canada. He represented the United Kingdom at the Unesco Art Seminar in 1951 and was one of the Canadian representatives at the assembly of the International Society for Education Through Art which was held in Manila in 1960. Another article by Sam Black will appear in an early issue. Editor*

Dear Sir,

On February 1st, Charles Delloye, a French art critic, was appointed in Paris as assistant to Charles Lussier, Quebec's representative in France. His duties will consist of promoting French Canadian plastic arts in France and Europe. Delloye has already been in Montreal to conduct a survey on different artists and their activities. Whether his judgment will prove good or not in his selection of artists is not yet known, but all those I have questioned till now, definitely feel that Mr. Delloye's taste is far from being eclectic and that he would be inclined to favour a 'clique.' I personally feel that it is not very wise to choose a foreign critic to promote Canadian art and to rely on him to discover the cream of our artistic production, for his judgment will undoubtedly be influenced by French taste and culture. This means we may as well encourage talents which parallel the so-called *avant-garde* of Paris. In this vein of thought, we may just as well ask a Chinese person to select our best writers or a South African musical critic to appreciate our musical trends. As our country has by far enough of these colonial minded artists, I think it is most untimely to promote them again on the European market if we ever hope to be respected as a mature race with an original artistic production.

Yours truly,  
CLAUDE PICHER,  
Quebec City

### Partial list of sponsors:

National Library of Canada, Ottawa  
Ecole des Beaux Arts de Montreal  
Bibliothèque de la Ville de Montreal  
Bibliothèque de St. Sulpice,  
Montreal  
Toronto Public Library, Fine Arts  
Department  
York University Library, Toronto  
Library of the University of Toronto  
Queen's University Library,  
Kingston, Ontario  
Mount Allison University Library,  
Sackville, N.B.  
Hamilton Public Library,  
Hamilton, Ontario  
Alex Richardson, Head of Adult  
Circulation Department, Etobicoke Public Library, Toronto  
North York Public Library,  
Willowdale  
Upstairs Gallery, Toronto



## THE SONG OF SONGS

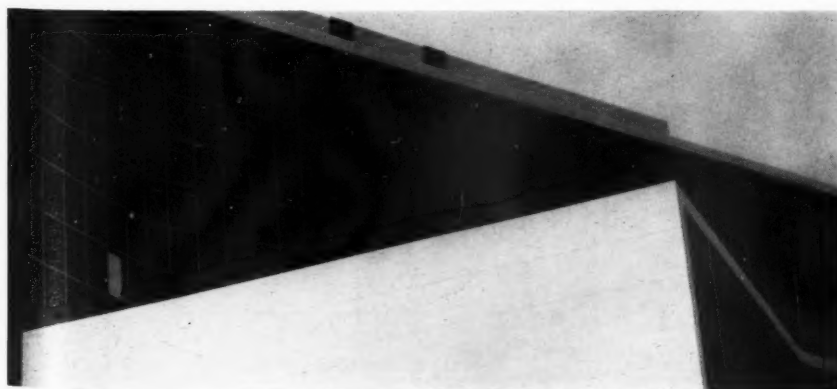
Limited edition of 100 portfolios. Each portfolio consists of 15 engravings from copperplates made, inked and hand-printed by the artist on handmade paper from France. Each engraving is hand-signed and numbered, accompanied by a verse from the Bible text, THE SONG OF SONGS.

Pre-Publication Price, \$150

Engraving 6 x 9; Page 12 x 15

Specimen engraving available for inspection upon request

PUBLISHED BY UPSTAIRS GALLERY / 10 CASTLEKNOCK RD / TORONTO



Fine reproduction of illustrations depends a great deal on the quality of the paper... Canada Glazed Papers Ltd. supplies the quality paper for this outstanding publication.

photograph: Vello Muikma

# REEVES GREYHOUND FINE OIL COLOURS

**FULL  
STUDIO  
SIZE  
TUBES**

ALL Colours **60¢**  
Each



**FINELY GROUND  
STRONG RICH COLOURS  
FULL COLOUR RANGE  
ALL ONE PRICE**

**IDEAL FOR  
STUDENT OR  
AMATEUR**

Send for free colour chart  
and copy of "Reeves Artist's Materials"

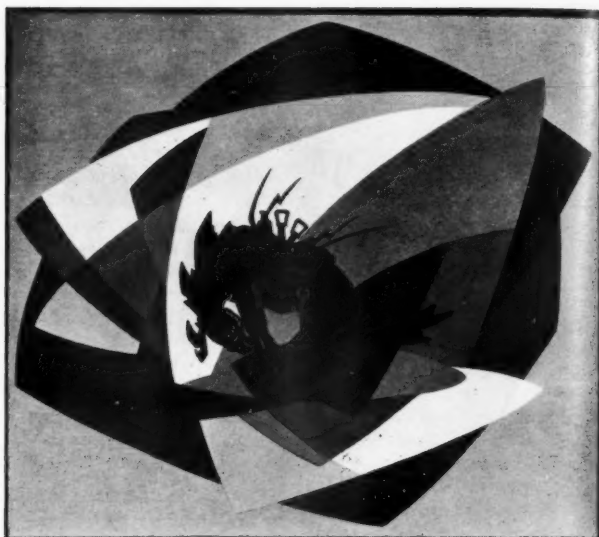


SINCE 1766

**REEVES**

16 APEX ROAD

TORONTO 19



Carved and painted

Linoleum Panels

by

Thor Hansen

are part of the Canadian decor in  
The British American Oil Company's  
Calgary Refinery  
Office Building







W  
Fin  
the  
on  
cra  
der  
Th  
wh  
son  
oth

# CANADIAN FINE CRAFTS

## Contents Editorial, 331

What does the public (and the artist) think about the craftsman? 332

How is the Canadian craftsman trained? 333

The American Craftsmen's Council, 337

*We have devoted this issue of Canadian Fine Crafts to a survey of the position of the fine craftsman in Canada. It is based on a questionnaire which we circulated to craftsmen themselves, gallery directors, leaders of craft organizations and instructors. The results speak for themselves but points which were made time after time by persons from one end of the country to the other, inspired this editorial. Editor*

That the general public regards the crafts with something close to indifference is, we suspect, the chief problem of Canadian craftsmen.

A look at the past and the present shows that indifference is far more lethal an enemy to the growth of an art form than outright hostility. Impressionism, fauvism, cubism, abstract expressionism all have survived if not thrived upon the vocal hostility of most of the public – at least in their infancy. And in Canada we have just had all the proof we need that art is thriving. But the crafts have been singled out for indifference. Somehow the craftsman has missed the cultural boat. The current boom in the arts has passed him by.

We are told that nearly a third of a million Canadians are involved in some form of craft activity. Every community has its weavers' group, its leathercraft society. Every town of any size sponsors some sort of instruction in the crafts. There are easily many more Sunday craftsmen than there are Sunday painters. In the face of all this activity, is it possible to say that Canadians are indifferent to the fine crafts? The answer, we think, is yes. Despite the bustle, there is no real understanding of what the fine crafts are and who the fine craftsman is. There are, we believe, three main reasons for this: *first*, a lack of standards; *second*, a lack of organization and *third*, a lack of encouragement.

For the first point – a lack of standards. Neither the tastemaker nor the 'man who knows what he likes' is aware of any clear distinction between the hobbyist and the serious craftsman. The work of the latter is too often presented to us alongside the products of the overwrought iron worker and the 'woof and wow' weaver. No self-respecting gallery, public or private, would hang the work of say, Harold Town, next to a number painting, yet this is just the sort of thing that happens to the work of our best craftsmen. The unfortunate result is that the critic and the tastemaker shrug off all craft work as 'folksy.' The 'man who knows what he likes' finds the work of the serious craftsman very dull indeed and buys the sad-eyed ceramic fawn, the crude wooden lighthouse, the spoon that reads 'Niagara Falls welcomes you.' For the second point – lack of organization. There is no single unifying body of craftsmen which can set standards for the crafts, arrange co-operative outlets for fine craftsmen, arrange publicity for them and put across what we've grown used to calling a 'public image.' A very fine model for such an organization is the American Craftsmen's Council. We are so impressed with this Council that we are devoting part of this issue to a description of it. Closer to home, the association of Quebec craftsmen is doing an excellent job for its members. We do not dismiss the work done by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild in the face of very great difficulties, but the Guild as it now stands is not strong enough to do this job effectively. Whether a new organization should be built upon the existing framework of the Guild or whether an entirely new council should be formed is a point we plan to explore in an early issue. We invite all Canadian craftsmen to send us their views on the subject.

For the third point – lack of encouragement. Our galleries, public and private, with a few exceptions, are doing very little to encourage our fine craftsmen. The National Gallery sponsored what it called the *First National Fine Crafts* exhibition in 1957. The impetus for the show was given by the Brussels World's Fair when we needed a display of fine crafts for our pavilion. The fine crafts that were turned up for this exhibition were something to be proud of. But there has been no talk of a *Second National Fine Crafts* Exhibition. There has been no talk, in gallery circles, of a biennial for Canadian craftsmen. There are hundreds of collectors of Canadian paintings but the serious collectors of Canadian fine crafts could probably all ride home in one taxi. Because of this lack of encouragement, some of our best craftsmen are

forced to spend half their creative lives potting ashtrays and weaving luncheon mats because there is at least some sort of market for these products. Some have even been forced to debase their art to make ends meet. If there were in existence a hard core of patrons for the fine crafts, and a seal of official approval like acceptance in a Fine Crafts Biennial for craftsmen to work towards, their life

might not be easy, but it would be a good deal less frustrating. And a fourth, and perhaps a frivolous point. Could we not abolish forever that ugly word 'handicrafts.' It is a word tailor-made to connote all that is wrong in the craftsman's world. Our title - *Canadian Fine Crafts* - was chosen deliberately with this in mind. Others please note.

SANDRA GWYN

## WE ASKED *What does the public think about the craftsman?*

*Here are some of the answers we received:*

'The Canadian craftsman exists in obscurity.' MAUD HIGLEY, Secretary, Metal Arts Guild, Toronto

'The tastelessly overtooled leather purse, made in a hobby class, is accepted, by most persons as the epitome of craft work.' ELEANOR P. EDIGER, Art Department, The Glenbow Foundation, Calgary

'The Canadian fine craftsman is appreciated by a limited but expanding section of the Canadian public . . . I think that the enlightened section of the Canadian community has a lively appreciation of the aesthetic worth of the craftsman and is quite ready to give him its moral support and patronage.' CHARLES F. COMFORT, Director, National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa

'Canadian crafts are not fashionable.' IVAN CROWELL, Director, Handicrafts Branch, Department of Industry and Development, Fredericton

' . . . In the mind of the public, to purchase a "kit" is synonymous with producing the work of the craftsman.' NORMAN YATES, Assistant Professor of Art, University of Alberta, Edmonton

'The term "craftsmanship" is understood to mean mastery of a craft and is not generally associated with creative expression.' A. F. KEY, Director, Calgary Allied Arts Council

'The public is inclined to look upon the fine craftsman as a superior type of workman who does his job well.' HELEN DUNCAN, President, Canadian Guild of Potters, Toronto

'Canadian craftsmen live entirely on their own belief, strength and stamina. Only a few "enlightened" individuals are conscious of their existence and work. Our experience has been that people from Quebec and from the United States are responsive, the rest are surprised to see our work.' BOB OLDRICH, Designers Craftsmen, Banff

'The main reason for the public's attitude is a lack of appreciation for human creativeness expressed in skilled craftsmanship. This attitude is aggravated by a tendency to look down upon those who work with their hands as inferior to those who engage in

business and professional fields.' K. STONOR POULSEN, Montreal

'The Canadian public . . . often considers the craftsman as removed from the realities of life . . . They are often regarded as anachronisms, carried over from another age, who should be recognized occasionally by benevolent purchases of their wares.' CLARE BICE, Curator, Art Gallery and Museum, London

'In some minds, crafts have been associated with what is rural and what is quaint and have even borne the ultimate slander of being subjected to that ugly, fatuous term "artsy-craftsy."' J. R. KIDD, Director, Canadian Association for Adult Education, Toronto

*These comments reflect accurately, we think, the general attitude of the public towards the fine crafts. Summing up, Evan H. Turner, Director of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, has this to say:*

'The Canadian craftsman exists at once in an atmosphere of unbridled and too often uncritical enthusiasm among those who espouse the cause of crafts and in an atmosphere which has little or no interest in the problems and the products of the craftsman. However, among the individuals who make up this latter group there is a potential audience which the craftsman should be able to reach. Unquestionably, the reason that he does not depends upon the fact that too much inferior - one might say Sunday craftsmanship - is presented with a seriousness that should be reserved for the work of the few truly distinguished craftsmen of the country. Too often, the enthusiasts, who include the staunchly supporting commercial outlets, will present work which solves an interesting technical problem, or has some sort of design gimmick, but which has no fundamental quality. This obviously undermines the general position of the craftsman.'

*Now, on behalf of the craftsman himself, here is what Kjeld Deichmann, ceramicist of Sussex, New Brunswick, wrote:*

'The position of the craftsman in Canada has not yet been "solidified." By this I mean that the general public is still somewhat bewildered by him. After all, the last blacksmith has long ago turned implement dealer. So what is this fellow doing making things by hand? And yet I think there is an underlying feeling that the craftsman has something . . . The public has not yet made up its mind.'



## WE ASKED *What does the artist think about the craftsman?*

'I have heard one artist say that the crafts are a form of manual labour.' ELLIS ROULSTON, President, Canadian Handicrafts Guild

'Crafts are dismissed for what they are not, with little appreciation of what they are. Art critics whose training has concentrated on painting are not always able to value three dimensional objects of any kind. They do not fit into his conception of beauty.'

J. R. KIDD

'Most important to the contemporary artist is his individuality and he views with some suspicion the diffused area of the crafts, hovering uncertainly between mass-produced industrial wares and the products of ladies' societies. I have heard the term "artsy-craftsy" used by artists to connote a certain preciousness, weakness or amateurish quality. This feeling certainly exists concerning crafts as a whole, yet artists know and have a great respect for certain individual ceramists, weavers and so on.'

NORMAN YATES

'Since the rise of the academies in the eighteenth century, only painting, sculpture and perhaps architecture have been regarded as fine arts, all other work has been relegated to the class of minor or decorative art. The craftsman naturally suffers from this distinction.'

HAROLD BURNHAM, Assistant Curator of Textiles, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto

'In the new tradition, the crafts are separated from the art of painting and sculpture at least by considerations of practical utility and decorative function. Certainly the easel painting does not exist as a practical necessity and the artist is usually offended if his work is regarded as decorative. The craftsman, on the other hand, sacrifices the integrity of his craft if he chooses to ignore either of these considerations.'

R. E. WILLIAMS, Director, School of Art, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg

The artist . . . considers the craftsman a lowly cousin, who didn't make the grade.'

BOB OLDRICH

*But not all artists so consider the craftsman. Jacques de Tonnancour, one of Canada's most distinguished painters writes:*

'Fine craftsmen are a relatively new breed and since they are just as far-reaching in their aesthetic approach as the painter and the sculptor, they cater to a selective public which already exists but which has not as yet well enough recognized the aesthetic parity between the fine craftsman and the artist. To some extent the artist still suspects the craftsman of thriving on discarded forms — on the decorative and the insignificant ones of an academic tradition, as opposed to essential and therefore significant ones — a distinction between the "appearing and the being," between what looks good and what is good. But let the fine craftsman come through the decorative barrier and he is no longer a second-class citizen. Indeed, I believe the fine crafts belong in an art gallery. I think the time is ripe for including in the Biennial Exhibition of Canadian Art at least a section devoted to the fine crafts. It might even be ripe for a biennial show devoted to the fine crafts alone. This would help eliminate the false distinction between the fine crafts and the fine arts.'

*About this distinction, Micheline Beauchemin, tapestry weaver, had this to say:*

'I do not make any distinction between a craftsman and an artist. How to have the beautiful wool put on the same level as a tube of oil paint? This is a fight I will fight until it is understood. Picasso does not cease to be an artist the moment he uses clay. All is in the spirit of the man, the creator.'

*So much for the position of the fine craftsman vis à vis the public and the artist. The problems are stated. What is being done about them?*

## To find out

## WE ASKED *How is the Canadian craftsman trained?*

*This is what we discovered:*

### **In the Maritimes**

The chief programs for education in the fine crafts are sponsored by the governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In Nova Scotia, the program has been in operation since 1942 and functions as a branch of the Department of Education. Its aim is to train Nova Scotians to produce well designed and well executed craft products as a means of earning supplementary income. The scheme, which has an annual budget of \$40,000, is intended to 'combine the advantages of creative work without pressure with quantity production which does not sacrifice the integrity

of the craftsman,' and is based on a system which has worked in Scandinavia with marked success. The headquarters of the program are in Halifax. Here a Crafts Centre is maintained with an exhibition area where Nova Scotian craftsmen can exhibit their work and where craftsmen themselves can see examples of first-class workmanship. There is also an up-to-date library and an information service available to all residents of the province. An important part of the department's activities is its criticism service; through this craftsmen can send in their products, or their designs and working drawings, and receive a frank appraisal of their work. The department issues a quarterly bulletin and each

year publishes a pamphlet listing shops in Nova Scotia which are outlets for craftsmen. An exhibition of work done by Nova Scotian craftsmen is sent each year to the Festival of the Arts in Tatamagouche. Field workers go out from the Crafts Centre to communities all over the province to give instruction in weaving, jewellery-making, silk-screen printing and ceramics. The aim of the beginner's course is to enable its pupils to produce simple and attractive articles on their own. Once they are able to do this, students can apply for a second course which will explore in more detail design, theory and technique. Although the department at one time had excellent facilities in Halifax for advanced study so that promising pupils could be brought to the city for special courses, these no longer exist. It is hoped, however, to obtain something approximating these in the future. In general, the program is well conceived and workable but it is not without its share of difficulties. Ellis Roulston, Director, writes 'Our chief problem, as elsewhere in North America is a generally poor knowledge of good design. To combat this, we plan next winter to bring small groups of craftsmen into Halifax for week-long seminars in design in various craft media . . . . Another great problem is to find well qualified teachers . . . . Just where do you look for craft instructors with both artistic and technical training?'

The provincial program is designed for adults. On the student level, the Nova Scotia College of Art sponsors instruction in the fine crafts. There are integrated art and craft activities organized as part of the school's Saturday morning classes for grade-school and high-school students to combat what its director, Donald MacKay, calls 'the artificial division between art and craft which still exists in many school systems and which is a factor in the public attitude towards the fine crafts.' All full-time students in the College's fine art, commercial art and art education courses spend at least two hours a week studying a craft, and three hours more studying design, throughout their four-year course. After a year of basic art studies, students who wish to specialize in fine crafts or in applied design, can work towards a diploma. These students are encouraged to study art education as well as pottery, ceramic sculpture, weaving, silversmithing, jewellery-making and woodcarving. The Nova Scotia College of Art also provides day and evening classes in crafts for amateur and special students.

In New Brunswick, the provincial program for the crafts functions as a branch of the Department of Industry and Development, and has been in operation since 1946. Its basic philosophy is economic and thus the branch teaches the kind of crafts through which people can earn. Ivan Crowell is director of the branch, and the teaching is done by a group of instructors who hold classes on request in communities throughout the province. Community Handicraft Groups have been organized in parts of New Brunswick and these are key organizations for the producing craftsmen. The groups have officers and meet regularly to arrange courses, plan projects and to discuss their common problems. The groups encourage craftsmen, stimulate the production of fine crafts, and several have their own shops. The groups hold three province-wide events each year, beginning in February with a large trade fair in which the various organizations display their wares. Gift shops buyers from all over New Brunswick come to discuss their problems and ideas with the craftsmen and to place orders for spring delivery. The second event - an annual

idea workshop - is sponsored by the staff of the Handicrafts Branch. Craftsmen come to the workshop to see new products and projects which have been developed by the staff and to discuss their problems. The third event is a Christmas sale which is a retail venture and is held in November.

Like Nova Scotia, the New Brunswick program has its problems - particularly the fundamental one of lack of knowledge of the principles of good design. For example, the booklet, *New Brunswick Handicrafts 1961*, published by the Department of Industry and Development illustrates some of the work done by New Brunswick craftsmen and the standard is extremely unfortunate. The few good pieces of work illustrated are overshadowed by coy little dolls, what is known in the trade as 'fine floral china' and ceramic stags at bay. One criticism of the whole program is that it favours the development of hobbies rather than serious crafts and a disillusioned correspondent writes 'I feel that fine craftsmen in New Brunswick have flourished in spite of the provincial program rather than because of it.'

A crushing blow to the development of fine crafts in the Maritimes and in English-speaking Canada as a whole was the closing this year of the Department of Applied Arts at Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick. This was the only school in Canada - outside Quebec - which gave a thorough and balanced course in fine crafts at a university level. The reason for the closing? Lack of interest. Kjeld Deichmann comments: 'The closing was, without a doubt, due to lack of interest and this was in spite of the school's having an excellent reputation. The explanation for this seems to lie in the phenomenon of specialization which has affected even such unworldly people as craftsmen. Most craft students soon know their special interest, either through basic instruction or observation and do not wish to spend much time - or any time - on craft activities other than their own. While none, probably, would deny that a knowledge of other craft methods is both enriching and useful, few would demand of themselves that they must be proficient in them. In placing equal emphasis on the teaching of a number of different crafts, Mount Allison's department of applied arts might have been offering too large a scope.' Ellis Roulston, the school's former director, disagrees; 'I feel,' he writes, 'that the course at Mount Allison was well rounded. Students had no options, instead they had opportunities to specialize in the crafts they particularly liked. The emphasis was always on good design. Some art schools tend to ask the student to choose one craft and follow it through, and I feel that the student at the beginning doesn't really know what he wants to do and that he should have a full program to follow.'

But whatever the reason, the school is gone and nothing is to replace it.

### **In Quebec**

It goes without saying that craftsmen in Quebec are far better organized and educated than anywhere else in Canada, for in Quebec there is a long tradition of fine craftsmanship which English-speaking Canada does not share. The provincial government aids the fine craftsman in a number of ways of which a specialized organizational - L'Office Provinciale des Artisans - which functions as a branch of the Ministry of Trade and Com-

merce is perhaps the most important. The technical assistance provided to craftsmen by this branch ranges from the simple to the very complex – from suggestions on packing and presentation to advice on how to achieve better products. This department also provides publicity and information services for craftsmen. A vital part of L'Office Provinciale work is its exhibition program. In December of each year it sponsors Le Semaine du Cadeau at the Palais du Commerce in Montreal, and in September, at the provincial exhibition in Quebec City, L'Office Provinciale des Artisans arranges an important craft exhibition. The staff of the department handles all the administrative details of these exhibitions and provides extensive publicity for them. They have acquired a permanent collection of works of Quebec craftsmen which is circulated throughout the province, and through its good offices, exhibitions of fine crafts from Quebec were displayed in France in 1958 and in Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg in 1959. The department also organizes a gift show which is circulated throughout the main cities of Canada.

La Centrale d'Artisanat – an organization which is involved in selling the work of Quebec craftsmen – works in close co-operation with the Office Provinciale. This branch maintains outlets at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal and at La Maison Jacquet in Quebec City.

For its part, the Ministry of Youth and Welfare gives to students generous scholarships for study abroad while the Ministry of Agriculture looks after the organization of the domestic arts. All over Quebec, schools maintained by the province open their doors to craftsmen. The main institutions are L'Institut des Arts Appliqués in Montreal, where the curriculum includes instruction in enamel on copper, cabinet-making, weaving and ceramics, and L'École des Beaux Arts in Quebec City where courses in tapestry-making, ceramics, enamel on copper and stained glass and mosaic work are available. Because of this generous and diversified government aid, the crafts in Quebec are, as Lyse Nantais pointed out in our July/August issue, 'achieving a real renaissance.' But even so, a spokesman points out 'the craftsman is still having a hard time making a living because his products cannot help but be expensive and therefore hard to sell.' Generally speaking, though, the future looks bright for craftsmen in Quebec.

## **In Ontario**

In our richest province there is no effective government program for education in and assistance to the fine crafts. The Community Programmes Branch of the Department of Education sponsors a certain amount of instruction for craftsmen but, as a spokesman for that division points out 'its services are rendered primarily to assist in the development of recreational opportunities for the citizens of Ontario,' and the work of the branch is necessarily concentrated towards the hobbyists of the province. The branch has a staff of three permanent craft advisors – who concentrate their efforts on helping community craft instructors to improve their teaching techniques and acquainting them with new developments in the fine crafts. The craft advisors conduct seminars for craft instruction and make advisory visits to communities which sponsor instruction in the fine crafts. The branch also sponsors annual workshops for Ontario craftsmen such as the

Ontario Handweavers and Spinners Course at MacDonald Institute in Guelph; the Leaders Institute, also at MacDonald Institute, which provides an opportunity for craft instructors to increase their knowledge and skill; the community crafts course at the Quetico Conference and Training Centre where instruction is given in ceramics, rugmaking and weaving. The Department of Education sponsors a summer course in arts and crafts which is available in both Toronto and in London under the direction of Dr D. Gaitskell, Director of Art for the schools of Ontario. This course is primarily aimed at schoolteachers but up to thirty-five community craft instructors, recommended by the Community Programmes Branch, are permitted to attend. It is difficult to criticize fairly an organization which exists to promote crafts as a hobby rather than as a commercial venture, but it has been pointed out that the standard of craft instruction in Ontario, particularly as regards design – is not high.

The Ontario College of Art offers instruction in the fine crafts as part of its material arts program. The courses, states the prospectus 'are planned in the belief that an intelligent investigation of materials and an appreciation of their traditional uses are necessary to fine craftsmanship.' Courses are offered in textiles and weaving, wood and furniture-making, metal and ceramics.

## **In the West**

Like Ontario, Manitoba sponsors no major program of assistance for fine craftsmen. There is a certain amount of instruction at the community level, and the School of Home Economics at the University of Manitoba provides courses in textile printing, metalcraft, weaving and wood working. Short courses in crafts are available through the Manitoba branch of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. But Manitoba's main resource for craftsmen of the province is the excellent course in ceramics given at the University of Manitoba School of Art in Winnipeg. The course is available to both diploma and degree students. Pupils may begin to specialize in ceramics in the second year of their four-year course; and students in this field must also study drawing, painting, sculpture and design. Some of Canada's best known potters are graduates of this school. Its director, R. E. Williams, writes that it is planned to add a course in silversmithing to the school's curriculum at some future date. He also suggests that since a new Manitoba Technical Institute is currently being organized by the provincial government, craftsmen and craft organizations should press for inclusion of some kind of craft training in its curriculum.

In Saskatchewan, government assistance to the fine crafts is provided through the Saskatchewan Arts Board. This body was formed in 1949 to provide assistance and encouragement to the people of Saskatchewan in the fields of drama, music, the visual arts, literature and crafts. The Board, which operates on a direct grant from the provincial government, is comprised of fifteen members, from various walks of life, who have a common interest in creativity within the province. Sheila Stiven holds the position of Craft Consultant for the Board and is co-ordinator of its crafts program. This includes the organization of summer courses in ceramics and weaving at the advanced level, and short courses in such crafts as embroidery and mosaic work. The board



has recently inaugurated a loan service through which any group which is anxious to begin a crafts project – like weaving or pottery – may borrow, for a start, the necessary equipment. This service is planned as the nucleus of active craft groups in communities throughout the province. The Handcrafts Committee of the Arts Board organizes craft festivals in throughout Saskatchewan and plans are underway for district conferences where craftsmen will have an opportunity to meet each other and to display their work. A very encouraging sign for Saskatchewan craftsmen was the formation, last June 6th, of a Craft Council. This is made up of representatives of various departments of the provincial government and is particularly concerned with the preservation of traditional craft skills among the Indian and Métis peoples in the northern areas of the province. The council hopes to ensure that these skills continue to be taught to the younger generations and it plans to assist the Indian and Métis craftsmen to find better markets for their work. Various committees within the council are responsible for various aspects of the project—education and training, marketing and sales research, publicity and advertising, and standards. It is hoped that the work of the council will, in the future, become concerned with craftsmen in southern Saskatchewan.

The Government of Alberta assists the training of its craftsmen through its Recreation and Cultural Development branch. This department was formed in 1946. The Arts and Crafts Division of the branch is headed by an acting supervisor, Les Graff, who is assisted by a staff of instructors in design, ceramics, weaving, leather, copper. The division offers consultative and leadership training services to communities of the province for the development of arts and crafts and sponsors the annual 'Albertacraft' exhibition. In the past, the policies of the division have been mostly directed towards the hobbyist but, a correspondent remarks 'we must give it credit this year for separating the men from the boys in the Albertacraft 61 exhibition where the work of established craftsmen occupies one area and the products of the local hobbyists another . . . This is a very important step forward.' For the serious student of the fine crafts, the Alberta College of Art, formerly part of the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary, offers a general course in crafts which 'offers training in the various craft techniques, using all available media. The understanding of tools and materials is developed and the application of original design is stressed. In their final year, students are expected to achieve independent and individual expression as they explore new uses and new applications of materials.' There is also a course in ceramics which 'embodies basic and advanced methods towards the creation of both utilitarian and creative pottery, utilizing the most common and abundant natural material – clay. The sculpture course deals with fundamental three-dimensional concepts with applications towards a creative vital expression. It is limited only by available equipment and materials and the capability of the student to innovate and sustain a valid work.' Much has been said in favour of the curriculum of the Alberta College of Art and A. F. Key, Director of the Calgary Allied Arts Council, writes: 'It must have been an act of God, certainly no government could have conceived it, that got [it] launched in the right direction. The late Dr Carpenter, its first principal . . . undoubtedly gave the art department the

sense of direction it has adhered to. Throughout the years it has developed into a first-rate fine arts and fine crafts school and fully deserves the new name of the Alberta College of Art.'

The Banff School of Fine Arts also offers instruction in fine crafts, through its annual summer courses in weaving, design and ceramics.

In British Columbia, the government program for the fine crafts is confined to the publication of an annual listing of craft producers and to the organization of displays in public buildings of craft products. Essentially a market program, it was first instituted in 1950 and has been the means of finding markets for many British Columbia fine craftsmen. There is no government sponsored program for educating craftsmen. The Vancouver School of Art provides a course in ceramics and in applied design and a certain amount of craft instruction is provided through the Department of Extension of the University of British Columbia. The U.B.C. Summer School of the Arts, under the aegis of Vancouver International Festival, sponsors a lively ceramics workshop. In Nelson, the Kootenay School of Art places special emphasis on all branches of the applied arts. These are taught as integral parts of the various courses included in the curriculum. The school also stresses the need for training students to utilize local materials with the aim of developing an indigenous contemporary art form.

This then, is the broad picture. Lack of space prevents us from probing very deeply into community sponsored craft programs and, in some cases, information about craft courses at art schools and government programs is difficult to obtain. We, therefore apologize for programs which may have been omitted.

### ***We asked for some general comments on training facilities:***

Training facilities, particularly in provinces where craft training centres are subsidized, are fully adequate for the hobbyist. There is no training in Canada for the advanced student or for the professional that cannot easily be bettered outside the country, for instance in the United States, in the United Kingdom or in Scandinavia.

HAROLD B. BURNHAM

A school of design should be established in every province so that its graduates could establish themselves as competent professional craftsmen who would be accepted in the community not only for their skill but also for their recognized training which, in a very 'degree-conscious' age is essential to differentiate between the true professional and the enthusiastic dabbler. SHEILA STIVEN, Craft Consultant, Saskatchewan Arts Board, Regina

A certain amount of methodical study of the history of the decorative arts would not be amiss in any training program for the fine crafts.

EVAN H. TURNER

Much more emphasis should be placed on first-class instruction and adequate equipment. Entrance requirements in terms of ability and interest should be stiffened so that such instruction and materials are not dissipated on lukewarm, unimaginative students. Courses should be set up on a full-time basis with a rich, intensive program designed to give complete training to the student-craftsman.

NORMAN YATES

The craft departments of many art schools are set up to accommodate the second-rate cousins who did not make the grade in fine or commercial art.

BOB OLDRICH

In art schools, the crafts are too often treated as poor relations . . . I feel strongly that a course on fine crafts should be general and basic for at least two years. To say that anyone taking a craft course in an art school must choose a major craft on entering and follow it through in an art school is wrong, for Canadians do not have sufficient taste or knowledge to do this at first. And there should be at least one special course for craft students, through which they actually design articles in every medium – stressing

artistry allied to medium and function. Few Canadian art schools do this.

ELLIS ROULSTON

The sad truth is that serious students with the inclination and ability to become professional craftsmen are not enrolling in our training schools. The present position of Canadian craftsmen does not attract students to this way of life.

WALTER DROHAN,

Instructor in Ceramics, Alberta College of Art

*This last comment brings us back to the crux of the matter. Because we believe that an effective educational and promotional organization could be the Canadian craftsman's first step towards greater public appreciation and recognition, we present here a summary of the kind of work being done by the American Craftsmen's Council. We do not advocate the immediate establishment of an exact counterpart of this council in Canada for it is obvious that such an organization needs a great deal of financial support. We do suggest that parts of its program – such as its national and regional craft conferences – are practical and feasible for Canada.*

## THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN'S COUNCIL

'Craftsmanship is a communicable quality that can add greatly to our understanding and appreciation of life. Knowledge of this quality should be available to everyone who desires it.' This is the principle which directs the policy of the American Craftsmen's Council and upon which all its work is based.

The Council is a national, non-profit organization founded in 1943 and granted a charter by the Regents of the State of New York to 'provide education in the crafts and to stimulate public interest in an appreciation of the work of handcraftsmen.' Its organization consists of a seven-member national executive, a twelve-man board of trustees, six regional representatives and a national advisory board which is made up of leaders of various craft organizations in the United States. Membership in the Council is open to both craftsmen and laymen and there are a number of different kinds of membership, each with its own fee and its own privileges. The Council maintains a permanent staff and offices in New York City. Its work is conducted through a number of diversified agencies.

**The Museum of Contemporary Crafts** This museum, which was opened in New York in 1955 is maintained by the American Craftsmen's Council and is the only museum in the United States devoted entirely to the art of the craftsman. It presents changing exhibitions from the United States and from all over the world, of the finest work in wood, metals, ceramics, textiles, glass, enamels and all craft media. In 1960, for example, the exhibition program opened with an educational display, Visual Communi-

cation in the Crafts, which consisted of two separate units: Fibers, Tools and Weaves, and Craftsmanship in Wood. These units were assembled by the A.C.C. and were later circulated to schools and craft groups across the United States. The second exhibition was the 1960 National Gold Medal Exhibition of the Building Arts, sponsored by the Architectural League of New York in collaboration with the American Craftsmen's Council. Through this exhibition, the Council indicated its concern with the vital role craftsmanship plays in relation to architecture. The two major exhibitions of 1960 were Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A. 1960, and Designed for Silver. The first was a national competition open to all American craftsmen and dedicated to the theme 'Designed and Handcrafted for Use.' The jury was made up of Alexander H. Girard, John A. Kouwenhoven and Charles H. Sawyer. One hundred and eight craftsmen were admitted to the exhibition which consisted of 114 separate objects. The display was a sequel to Designer-Craftsmen 1953 and presented an opportunity to review tendencies and changes in crafts during the last seven years. Designed for Silver was co-sponsored by the Museum of Contemporary Crafts and by the International Silver Company. Prize-winning designs resulting from the international design competition for sterling silver flatware were displayed. Finally, the Museum presented Japan: Design Today – an exhibition of everyday objects from Japan. All these exhibitions were later circulated to museums across the United States. The Museum also sponsors one-man craft exhibitions of the work of United States craftsmen for circulation abroad. Another important part

of the Museum's program is its lecture series. Last year this included talks on such a wide range of subjects as the history and technique of batik, the role of the designer-weaver in industry, and the work of Japanese potters.

**Craft Horizons** The Council publishes this outstanding bi-monthly magazine which presents a national and international view of crafts and design. It is planned to interest both the craftsman and the interested layman.

**Craft Conferences** The A.C.C. sponsors national and regional conferences which offer craftsmen, architects, educators, decorators and students a unique opportunity to discuss ideas and techniques of contemporary craftsmanship. National conferences are held bi-annually and regional conferences take their place in alternate years. In 1960, six regional conferences were sponsored and their combined attendance totalled more than one thousand. This year, the national conference was held in Seattle on the campus of the University of Washington from August 26th to August 29th. Its theme was Creative Research in the Crafts.

**Special Services** The Education and Extension Department of

the A.C.C. includes a colour slide collection and travelling exhibits of craft work which are available at modest fees. The slides are arranged in kits and focus on such subjects as the craftsman, his work and environment, art and architecture; and museum and gallery exhibits. This department is specifically designed to 'do the work that is needed to assist beginning craftsmen and teachers to recognize the meaning of quality.'

**The Craft Research Service** supplies information and photographs concerning the work of prominent American craftsmen. There is also a magazine photographic service which makes photographs of craftsmen's work readily available to editors.

In addition to its work in all these fields, the A.C.C. maintains a close relationship with America House, a major marketing outlet for American craftsmen located in New York City, and with the School for American Craftsmen which was founded by the Council and which now functions as a division of the Rochester Institute of Technology and Art. The A.C.C. is also in close touch with more than one hundred and twenty-five craft organizations throughout the United States. These organizations are represented on the Council through its National Advisory Board.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM

## The Queen's Printer

OTTAWA, CANADA

*Three new colour reproductions just published by the National Gallery of Canada*

*Landscape* by Kazuo Nakamura

size: 19 x 24 inches price: \$14.00

*L'Orpheline* by Jean-Paul Lemieux

size: 24 x 18 inches price: \$14.00

*Au clair de la lune* by Alfred Pellan

size: 29 x 17¼ inches price: \$14.00

*The Queen's Printer, Ottawa, is now the distributor for all National Gallery of Canada publications. Please write for a free catalogue*

**BACK ISSUES OF CA ARE AVAILABLE**  
Use this coupon to order back issues you may have missed. For a descriptive list, write to Canadian Art, 77 MacLaren St, Ottawa 4, Ont.

VOLUME XV/1958 (\$2 each)

- ☐ No. 59 out of print
- ☐ No. 60 out of print
- ☐ No. 61
- ☐ No. 62

VOLUME XVI/1959 (\$1.25 each)

- ☐ No. 63
- ☐ No. 64
- ☐ No. 65
- ☐ No. 66

VOLUME XVII/1960 (\$1.25 each)

- ☐ No. 67
- ☐ No. 68
- ☐ Special Issue on Graphic Design
- ☐ No. 69
- ☐ No. 70
- ☐ Special Issue on Architecture

VOLUME XVIII/1961 (\$1.50 each)

- ☐ No. 71 (Twenty-four Canadians)
- ☐ No. 72 (Printmaking)
- ☐ No. 73 (Collectors)
- ☐ No. 74 (Quebec)

(Note: Canadian Fine Crafts is included in all magazines from No. 71 on)

Canadian Art is printed by Rolph-Clark-Stone Ltd, Toronto / Typography: Cooper & Beatty, Ltd, Toronto / Plates: Photo Engravers & Electrotypers Ltd, Toronto, Rapid Grip & Batten Ltd, Ottawa